

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NO. 219 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &C.

EDMUND DEACON,
HENRY PETERSON, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1861.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1861.
WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 3000.

A CAMEO OF ANACREON.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

A merry, leering face with arching brows
Crowned with the blood-red jewels of the vine;
Eyes, where the light of laughter holds ca-
rouse,
And lips, o'erdrooping with the fragrant
wine,—
Voila! It breathes of Teos and the Isles,
Of broad, fair vineyards where the light creeps
down
To bathe Bathyllus in its sleepy smiles,
Or bronze the tendrils of his classic crown.

The nostril quivering, like the desert steed's,
The full, bright curve of the voluptuous lips,
The fallen grape which 'neath his luscious bleeds,
And the light robe which from his shoulder
slips,

All, pictured, rise, grow brilliant,—gush in song,
(Pure as the golden Tokay, mellow-grown),
While fair Bacchantes, an aerial throng,
Wave their white arms and woo the measure
on!

Voila! It pales—it flees,—as dream of old
Once palling, fled the Lady of Shalott;
Jonian vineyards, waving sands of gold,
The Grecian youth,—Bacchantes of the grove,
Fading, depart, in moonlit shadows, grand,
Fair, marble-mute, supremely statuesque,—
All that is tangible lies 'neath my hand,
This soulless Cameo, this face grotesque!

THE LADY LISLE.

CHAPTER IX.

BEECHER'S RIDE.

Five weeks had passed since the advent of the Major and his wife, and the morning had arrived upon which they were to take their departure from Lislewood Park. They were going back to Brighton for a week or two prior to returning to London, where they were to stay until the expiration of the Major's furlough. They were to travel in their own carriage, with their own horses and coachman, and with Mr. Salamons in the rumble. The morning was bright and autumnal, and Major and Mrs. Varney lounged on the terrace with their host and hostess, while the things were being packed in the carriage by the expert Mr. Salamons.

"Arthur," said the Major, "the high road winds under the hill you call 'Beecher's Ride,' doesn't it?"

"Under the hill, yes; but not under Beecher's Ride itself, that's on the further side."

"Then suppose you and I were to take a walk up there while Salamons packs those things. He'll be ever so long about it. Ada can wait for me in the high road. I shall see the carriage from the hill. I've a few parting words that I want to say to this dear Arthur."

The Major made his adieu to Mrs. Walsingham, flung a great Scotch plaid over his shoulder, and directed his wife where to meet him with the carriage.

At this moment the little Baronet galloped round from the stables on his thoroughbred pony.

"Papa, may I go with you?" he asked, eagerly.

Captain Walsingham hesitated, and looked at his friend.

"By all means, Sir Rupert," said the Major, "come along with us."

Major Varney stopped at the lodge to drop a sovereign into Gilbert Arnold's hand.

"Good day to you, friend," he said; "remember my advice, and take care of that boy of yours, if you don't want to get into trouble by-and-by."

"All right, sir," said the lodge-keeper, with a leer of low cunning in his eyes.

Once more the great iron gates closed with a loud, clanking noise upon the little master of Lislewood Park.

Child as he was, if he could have dreamed for a moment of that which lay before him upon the outer side of those splendid gates, surely the hollow clang of the closing lock would have sounded to him like the funeral knell of his bright young life.

They were nearly an hour walking up the winding road that led to the hills upon which Captain Walsingham had met Lady Lisle on the evening of his return to England. When they had reached the summit, the two men drew breath and looked about them.

The Major looked at Sir Rupert, and then gazing significantly at Captain Walsingham.

Rupert, take your pony for a gallop on the hill side yonder. I want to talk to Major Varney."

The boy nodded, and, smacking his whip, trotted along the gentle slope out of hearing, but not out of sight.

"Now, what is it?" asked the Captain, digging his cane into the ground, and leaning

heavily upon it. He seemed prepared for a long interview.

The Major flung open his loose overcoat, and began to play with the glistening ornaments hanging at his watch chain. Every hair of his yellow whiskers and moustaches, every one of his square, white teeth, shone in the autumnal sunlight—why?

"What is it?" said the Captain, impatiently. "Why have you dragged me up here? What have you to say this morning that you couldn't say last night?"

"Can't you guess?" asked the Major, with an agreeable smile.

"No."

"That is to say, you won't. Sly old fox. He is afraid to take the initiative, so I must. Arthur, dear child, I want more money."

"Oh, you're going over that ground again, are you? Then I tell you what I told you last night. I have no more, and it will be some time before I can procure any more. I've victimized my poor wife enough as it is. I'll not ask her for another farthing."

"Obstinate child!"

The Major plunged his hand into the pocket of his overcoat, took out a small bundle of letters, very neatly folded, endorsed in a delicate, feminine-looking handwriting, and tied with a sky-blue ribbon.

"Look at these letters. They look quite pretty, don't they? Shall I read them over to you? or do you remember the wording?"

The Captain turned away from him with a muttered oath.

Major Granville Varney, holding the little packet lightly in one ungloved hand, with the idle fingers of the other coquetted with the corners of the several documents. He peeped slyly into the folded papers, nodding his head and humming softly to himself, or sometimes stopping to chuckle over some passage which seemed to strike him as peculiarly amusing. The Captain watched him from under his black eyelashes with a gloomy and sinister glance.

"Arthur, dear child, unless I have five thousand pounds, before the end of this month, Mrs. Walsingham will receive this little packet upon the first of October. Amusing as the letters are, I fear she'll scarcely see the extent of their absurdity. She may take the matter seriously. You're very fond of her, Arthur. Stupidly fond; for, upon my word, her imbecility is occasionally wearisome; but, of course, some people like boiled chicken."

"Major Varney?"

"Impulsive child. Is it to be the five thousand pounds, or is the flaxen-haired lady to have these letters? Decide, quickly, dear boy, for I think we are going to have a shower."

"I tell you I can't get the money. As to your sending the letters, I am not afraid of that. You won't kill your golden goose. You know better than that. The infernal secret which you hold over me becomes valueless the hour it is told. You are not the man to tell it."

Major Varney bit his lips, and a certain crest-fallen look stole over his smiling face. For a brief moment he seemed, as it were, to *ternish*; but he recovered himself instantly, and laughed gaily as he said—

"Arthur, you're such a sly fox, there's no getting over you. No, you're right. I don't want to tell the secret. I don't want to see poor Lady Lisle, or Mrs. Walsingham, or whatever else she may choose to call herself, break her heart, and tear her pretty flaxen hair. I don't want to see you kicked out of Lislewood Park, or sent to some unpleasant colony, where they might have the impertinence to ask you to pick oakum or break stones. No, no, my dear Arthur, what I want is to make things pleasant for all parties. Will you believe me, if I say I think that I have hit upon a method of doing so?"

"Perhaps."

"Good. Then, Arthur, listen to me. I am not one of those unlucky wretches to whom ready-money is of vital importance. Look down the hill yonder, you may see my travelling chariot and horse, my coachman, my valet. You may guess that I don't do all this out of a major's pay in the Company's Service. On the other hand, you can guess that I am not in immediate want of a five-pound note. I would rather have fifty thousand pounds ten years hence than I would have five thousand pounds to-day. Arthur Walsingham, what is the age of that boy yonder?"

Major Varney pointed, as he spoke, to Sir Rupert Lisle.

"What has that to do with us?" asked the Captain.

"Never mind that; but answer the question. How old is he?"

"He was seven last July."

"Seven years old. Very good. What would you say, Arthur, dear boy, if I were to tear these silly letters and that other little document into a thousand pieces, and not ask you for a farthing for fourteen years?"

The Captain looked up at him with a bewildered stare.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROSECRANS--IN COMMAND IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

"What are you talking about?" he asked, impatiently.

Major Varney drew his arm through that of his friend, and leaning his disengaged hand on the Captain's shoulder, whispered, with his lips close to the ear of the other—whispered a few sentences which blanched the soldier's dark cheek, and made his knees knock together as if they would have given way under him.

There was a short pause, during which the Major watched the Captain's changing face.

"Will you do it?" he said at last, aloud.—"Or will you let me do it?"

"Scoundrel!" roared the Captain. "No, not to save myself from the gallows."

"Booby!" said Major Varney, "don't be violent. Not to save yourself from the gallows?" he repeated, scornfully. "Why, there's many a better man than you would do as much for a twenty-pound note. What is it?"

A little bit of legerdemain. "Ladies and gentlemen, you observe this shilling. Behold, I place it under this cup. Hocus-pocus, it is gone! Hi, presto, it has come back again!" and the juggler presents the coin to his astonished audience, who believe him to be the cleverest of men; while the truth is, his dear Arthur, that it is not the first shilling at all, but another exactly like it. Captain Walsingham, do you mean to stand in the way of our united fortunes? or will you help me in this?"

"No, I tell you."

"And if I do it without your assistance?"

"I will expose the villainous plot, at whatever disgrace to myself."

"Arthur, you are incorrigible! Is this your final decision?"

"It is."

"Very well, then," said the Major, shrugging his shoulders, "if that's the case, there's no help for it. Remember," he added, tapping the papers he held in his hand. "Look for no mercy from me. When men are blind fools to their own interests, they cannot expect wise people to suffer for their blindness and folly. So, call your stepson, Captain, I'll bid him good-bye and then hurry down the hill to the carriage. Poor Ada will be tired of waiting."

Captain Walsingham called to Sir Rupert, who came galloping up the two officers.

"Sir Rupert," said the Major, "I want to bid you good-bye. I'm just going to turn my back upon Beecher's Ride. By-the-by, that reminds me that I have heard the people hereabouts talk a great deal of Beecher's Ride, but have never heard how the hill came by the name. Arthur, explain."

"Pshaw!" said the Captain, impatiently. "What do you want to know about Beecher's Ride?"

"Don't be discourteous, my Arthur, but explain."

They were standing upon the sharp ridge of the first and steepest of a long range of hills. They faced the steepest side, the slope of which was so abrupt, as to make it appear almost perpendicular.

"This side of the hill, that is to say, the descent at our feet, has been called Beecher's Ride," said the Captain, "because about fifty years ago, a Captain Beecher, a celebrated sportsman, rode down it upon his thoroughbred mare for a wager."

"Was he killed?" asked Major Varney.

"No, but the mare was."

The Major laughed.

"Poor fellow! Then he lost a valuable animal, if he won his wager. No one has ever ridden down since, have they?"

"I have never heard of any one having done so."

Sir Rupert Lisle had been listening attentively to this conversation.

"I should like to ride down there," he said, pointing to the descent.

The Captain had walked away from them, and had flung himself listlessly upon the short brown grass.

"I should very much like to do it," said the little Baronet, "and I think my pony could manage it, too."

"Nonsense, Baronet," answered the Major, "you're not brave enough for that," he added, laughing. "You mayn't be such a coward as James Arnold, at the lodge; but I don't believe you're brave enough to gallop down Beecher's Hill. Upon my word, I don't believe you are."

There was a stubborn obstinacy in the little Baronet, which had often led the sons of that house to do more desperate things than more courageous men had ever attempted. A dogged determination to do anything they were supposed not to be able to do, which is a quality that often effects more than reckless and dashing courage can achieve. Sir Rupert had the true Lisle nature—dull and unimpulsive; but intensely obstinate.

The Major, laughing, with his face towards the sun, was provokingly bright to look at.

"No, no, my little Baronet," he said, "you're not brave enough to try that; for you're too sensible not to know that it can't be done."

The boy's pale face flushed crimson.

"Can't it?" he screamed at the top of his shrill, treble voice. "Can't it be done, Major?"

He turned his pony's head, galloped once round the summit of the hill, and then, lashing the animal violently with his whip, flew over the narrow ridge and down the hill side.

The Major saw the flash on the boy's face fade away to a sickly white, in that one brief moment in which the pony turned over the descent. The Captain, aroused by the sound of the horse's hoofs, sprang to his feet, and rushed to the brow of the hill only in time to see the pony flying down the slippery grass into the valley below.

"He'll do it," said the Major, "without so much as a bruise."

"Devil, this is some of your work," cried the Captain.

The pony reared the bottom of the hill,

the boy swaying backwards and forwards in his saddle, but keeping his seat, but in the impetus of the last rush, the animal lost his balance, and fell, rolling over his rider. From where the two men stood, the pony and the boy looked like one confused mass, which rolled over and over for a few moments, and then grew suddenly still.

"This way!" shouted the Captain, as he ran along a winding road, and then crossing a gentle slope, reached the valley into which the boy had ridden.

The Major followed him, and was the first to fall on his knees by the side of the pony and the child. Sir Rupert was lying under the animal. Major Varney untwisted the bridle, which had become entangled, and the pony staggered to its feet.

"No bones broken there, any how," he said. "Hold the reins, Arthur, while I look at the child."

Sir Rupert Lisle lay on his back, perfectly still, with his white face turned towards the sky. A few smears of blood about the forehead were the only traces of the injuries he had received.

"Thank God!" said the Captain, "he has only fainted from the shaking."

Major Granville Varney opened the boy's little coat, and laid one hand upon his heart. He turned very pale as he did so, and the light seemed to die out of his yellow whiskers and moustache.

"He is dead," he said, gravely. "Concussion of the brain."

"Pitiless devil!" cried the Captain, flinging away the bridle, and clutching Major Varney by the throat, "this is your doing."

The Major, still very pale, released himself from Arthur Walsingham's powerful grasp, and said, quietly,

"Arthur, be reasonable, and listen to me. I am as innocent of this as you are. When I proposed to you just now the scheme which I thought would make both our fortunes, I told you that not a finger should be laid upon that child. I meant what I said; but I was enraged by your folly, and amused myself by teasing the boy. What has happened came to pass through no agency of mine. It is one of the strange chances which befall calculation. It has happened, and we can't undo it; but—" he sank his voice to almost a whisper—"we can turn it to our own use. Will you leave me to act as I please?"

Captain Walsingham clasped his hands over his terror-stricken face.

"I swore to protect this boy," said he, "and see how I have kept my oath!"

"Pshaw!" said the Major. "You are not responsible for it—I am not responsible for it. But the boy is dead all the same. If I conceal his death, and bring another heir, after a time, in his place—he is no worse off for it, your wife is no worse off for it, for the property is not hers—while both she and you are decidedly better off—for I shall never worry you with that precious little secret of mine again. The boy shall be buried with all care; and you have but to keep quiet, to live hereafter a quiet and happy life, and save your wife's heart from breaking in the bargain—that is, if it can break, which is doubtful. Do which ever you please, however, though of course I would rather you should be reasonable."

The Major took the plaid off his shoulders, and, unfolding it, spread it upon the trampled grass. He lifted the lifeless body of the boy, laid it upon the plaid, and covered his still white face with his cambric handkerchief.

"Arthur," he said, "keep watch here; if anybody should come this way, take care they don't see what has happened. I shan't be long gone. He took the pony by the bridle, and led it away along the narrow defile, and into some lanes and fields at a little distance. Heedless of his own varnished boots and light gray trousers, he dragged the animal through clay and mire, till he came to a pool of stagnant water at the end of a muddy lane, a mile from the scene of the catastrophe, and about three miles from Lislewood Park. Into this pool he drove the pony, lashing it violently with his light riding whip, and flinging the bridle over its head. The animal splashed up to his neck through the water, and, scrambling up the muddy bank, galloped furiously away over some stubbled fields and into a stunted pine wood. The Major watched until the pony had quite disappeared, and then walked rapidly back to the spot where he had left Captain Walsingham and the child. He found the Captain seated by the side of the still, little figure muffled in the thick plaid.

"I thought you were never coming back," he said, as the Major approached.

"Has any one been this way?"

"No one."

"Good. Now, Arthur, go home to the mother of this child, and tell her you have lost him—no more, remember. You have lost him; he galloped away from you while you were talking to me, and you lost sight of him. The pony will find its way back to the stables." He lifted the lifeless little form in his arms, and walked a few paces towards the winding road, where the carriage was waiting for him.

"Arthur," he said, "run over to the carriage, and tell them to drive round here."

The Captain obeyed, and in a few minutes the wheels rolled softly over the short grass as the carriage came towards the Major. Mrs. Varney looked out of the window, lovely and radiant, in a bonnet of the palest pink.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Open the door, Salamons," said the Major.

"Do you mind sitting with your back to the horses, Ada?" he added, as the book-nosed valet opened the door and let down the steps.

"Why?" she asked, wonderingly.

The Major did not answer her, but taking her by the wrist, drew her out of the carriage, and getting in himself, laid the muffled figure along the best seat. A magnificent leopard-skin, with which Mrs. Varney's feet had been covered, lay in a heap on the rug. He lifted this, and threw it over the plaid.

"What is the matter with the child?" asked Mrs. Varney, looking from the Captain to the Major; the white faces of the two men terrified her. "What has happened? Is he hurt?"

"Yes, seriously. I am taking him to Brighton. Jump in, Ada. Salamons, shut the door."

The Major and his wife seated themselves with their backs to the horses, and the carriage rolled away, leaving the Captain standing staring after it, with a ghastly face. "Charles Lisle," he said, as he walked slowly homewards, "that old treachery of yours, which blighted my life years ago, is now recoiling upon yourself. Heaven help you, poor girl! Heaven help you, for I cannot! It is but a choice of evils, and I have chosen what I think the best—for both of us."

CHAPTER X.

MAJOR VARNY'S FIRST MOVE.

Half an hour after Captain Walsingham had returned to Lislewood Park to tell his dismal story, every creature in the neighborhood knew that Sir Rupert Lisle was missing.

Every horse in Lislewood stables had been saddled, every male servant in the house and out of the house had been enlisted in the work that was to be done. They galloped along the wide high road—they questioned the man at the turnpike, the country people coming from market—every creature they met, far or near. They flew through winding lanes, across stubbled fields, over the bare downs, and the great chain of hills which led away from Beecher's Ride; but they could obtain no tidings of the little boy on the dapple pony.

Charles Walsingham was like a creature distraught. She wanted to go herself to seek for the boy, and she would have rushed out of the house, had not her husband caught her in his arms on the threshold. She accused and upbraided him in her mad anguish. "My son, my son!" she cried. "I trusted him to you, you swore to protect him, that my child is lost. This woman, usually so languid and unimpressionable, was terrible in her loud agony. She paced up and down the luxurious rooms lamenting her missing child in a paroxysm of despair. The Captain had no power to comfort her. He hurried out of the house, and rushed to the gates to wait for the return of the men from the search that he knew must be ineffectual. He found Gilbert Arnold at his old post in the doorway of the lodge. The powder's boy was standing at the garden gate. Captain Walsingham started at the sight of his pale flaxen hair, and fair sickly face, as if he had seen a ghost. He thought of the motionless little figure wrapped in a Scotch plaid, and lying on the stunted grass at the bottom of Beecher's Ride. He thought of that other flaxen hair, on which no mother's caressing hand would ever rest again.

"Why are you not with the men who have gone to look for Sir Rupert?" he asked of the skulking lodge-keeper.

Because there was plenty to look without me," Gilbert answered, sulkily. "I've enough to do to look after my own boy. He'll be lost, or stolen, or murdered, perhaps, next," he added, with an insolent grin.

The Indian officer sprang towards the gate, as if he would have struck Gilbert Arnold; but the boy, who stood in his way, began to cry.

"Hold your tongue, you white-livered little rascal," growled his father. "He's not going to strike me."

Captain Walsingham saw that the man had been drinking. Gilbert plunged his great, coarse hands into the pockets of his threadbare shooting jacket, and jingled the change out of the sovereign given to him by Major Varney. The Captain looked at him searchingly.

"Has he had his lesson already?" he thought. "Does he know the part he will have to play in the infernal plot?"

It was dark when the men came home to

tell of their fruitless search; but before they returned, the pony, dripping wet, and covered with clay, had galloped back to his stable. There was no doubt of what had happened. The boy had been drowned.

But how and where? Claribel Walsingham asked neither of these questions. She heard the story of the pony's return, and fell stricken to the earth, in happy unconsciousness of what was passing around her. With the first gleam of returning light, the drags were busy in every pool and stream in the vicinity of Lislewood Park; but all search was vain; the day wore out, and the body of Sir Rupert had not been found. Great placards were posted in the village street, at regular intervals along the whole extent of the park fences, on the turnpike gates, in every village round about Lislewood, setting forth, in letters a foot deep, how five hundred pounds reward would be given to any person or persons who should lead to the discovery of the body of Sir Rupert Lisle, Bart.

Every pool and streamlet had been dragged. Where, then, could the boy have been drowned?

Men looked at each other gravely, as this question was asked. Little groups of people congregated at the doors of the inns and beer-shops in Lislewood, and their talk was entirely of the pretty little Baronet, who had so strangely disappeared.

He had left the park with his stepfather and his stepfather's friend. People had not the little party on the high road, the Captain leading Sir Rupert's pony by the bridle, and the boy had never afterwards been seen by mortal eyes. Captain Walsingham's account of his disappearance was sufficiently straightforward. He had gone down the hill to accompany the Major to his carriage, and had left the child riding his pony about the summit. On re-ascending the hill, after an absence of little more than a quarter of an hour, he had searched for the boy in vain. The stepfather could have had no motive for conspiring against the life or safety of this helpless child. The Lislewood property, over which, had his stepson lived, the Captain might have had some control, would now go to a stranger. There was no clue to the mystery of the boy's disappearance. If he had been stolen by any wretches prowling about the neighborhood, they would have stolen his pony too. He had been drowned, then, undoubtedly. But where?

A narrow river ran through a valley about five miles' distance from Lislewood Park. The boy must have crossed the hills, galloped down to the river, and been drowned in trying to ford it. What could have taken him in that direction, so far from the spot where the Captain had left him? A child's whim, perhaps. His nurse remembered that he had spoken once of this river, and had said it was so shallow his pony could cross it easily.

The river was dragged without result. The tide had carried the little corpse down to the sea. The wretched mother would never again behold her fair-haired boy.

There was mourning in the splendid mansion of Lislewood. The violence of Claribel Walsingham's grief gave place to a quiet sorrow, which knew no change or abatement. Every vestige of color left her wan cheeks, every gleam of light died out of her blue eyes. She was never seen to weep, but she was never seen to smile. She only spoke when spoken to. She took no interest in anything but ever. Had the house been in flames, she would scarcely have left it of her own accord. She sat all day in her darkened room, refusing to see any one but her husband and her confidential maid.

The Captain seldom entered that chamber of desolation; he rode out of the gates every morning, and returned at dusk, to sit smoking in the library, from dinner time till eleven or twelve o'clock at night. The servants whispered among themselves that Captain Walsingham had taken to drinking more than was good for him, and that his wife's grief and the loss of his little stepson were preying on his mind. He had never been celebrated for his high spirits since his return from India, but the silent gloom of his manner increased after the disappearance of the boy. Sir Laurence Lisle, the new Baronet, wrote from Florence to entreat his late kinman's widow to retain possession of the mansion and park of Lislewood. His solicitor would manage matters for him, he said; he had no wish to exchange the hills of Florence for the bleak Sussex downs. Mrs. Walsingham was welcome to occupy Lislewood Park for the term of her natural life, and she would confer a favor upon him by so doing.

The snow lay thick in the avenues of the park, and hung in white masses upon the leafless branches of the oaks, before the excitement caused by Mrs. Walsingham's bereavement had in any degree subsided. Every mother in the village of Lislewood had wept for the sorrows of the great lady, whom they could remember long before her first marriage. The simple villagers clasped their little ones closer in their encircling arms, and thanked God that they were not so afflicted. They remembered how often, as the Lislewood carriage dashed through the village, they had envied the fair-haired lady, dressed in costly silks and velvets, with her pretty boy by her side; and now, when among them would exchange lots with her? They shuddered, as they heard, from some gossiping servant, of the desolation that reigned in the gorgeous rooms; of the Captain, sitting smoking and drinking by his lonely fireside, till the dead of the night, of the silent lady, lying in her darkened room, weary of the world in which her portion had been so fair an one, and praying for the death which would restore her to her child. Among others, Rachel Arnold was sorry for the lady at the great house.

Seated, one snowy night in January, by the narrow fireplace in her little parlor, she ventured to say as much in the presence of her husband.

"What's that?" muttered Gilbert Arnold.

taking his pipe out of his mouth, and looking at her savagely from under his thick eyebrows. "What's that you're mumbling there?"

"I said I was thinking of the poor lady up yonder, Gilbert. I've just been up stairs, looking at little James; and when I see him lying safe in his cot, it always makes me think of poor Sir Rupert, somehow."

"The boys was alike," said Gilbert, thoughtfully, looking at the handful of red coals in the little grate, and emptying the bowl of his pipe upon the iron bar. "Lord love you! I like to hear 'em talk about blood, and family, and all such such as that! My boy's every bit as good-looking as ever Sir Rupert Lisle was, and better-looking too."

"When I was quite a girl, Gilbert," said the wife, blushing, faintly, she spoke, "I was counted rather like Miss Merton, by some of our folks."

Mr. Gilbert Arnold was by no means overburdened with gallantry. He stared at his wife, with an unpleasant grin for a few moments, and then laughed aloud.

"Was you?" he said. "Then I never see it, for one; and if you ever was, you ain't now, I can tell you that, for your comfort."—He carefully refilled and lighted his pipe, but his awkwardly shod feet upon the hob, and recommenced smoking. He did not appear in the least aware that he was conducting himself otherwise than in the most agreeable manner.

"Hard work has taken the beauty out of me, Gilbert," said his wife.

"If there ever was any to take," he growled, under his breath.

"But my hair was light, and my eyes were blue, like my lady's."

"Oh, yes!" said Mr. Arnold, quite cheerfully, "as far as that goes, your hair's the sort as looks as if the color had all been washed out of it, and your eyes is the sort that looks as if they'd been took out of your head and boiled, by way of improving of 'em, only it didn't answer. You're like my lady, so far," he said, with a laugh.

"Poor, dear soul! I'm very sorry for her," Rachel murmured, thoughtfully.

"Now, you just look here, said Mr. Gilbert Arnold, taking his pipe out of his mouth, and striking his fist on the little table at his side, till a jug and a horn measure at his elbow jingled against each other, as if they would break. "I ain't going to have none of that, no snivelling for her, no moaning, and complaining, and pitying, and whimpering about her. She's got a fine house, hasn't she? Let that satisfy her. She's got a carriage to ride in, and good clothes to wear, and soft bed to lie upon, and rich food to eat, and strong wine to drink, and money to spend,—ain't she? Then let that satisfy her! She's never been fed on prison grub,—has she? She's never had her bit of bread doled out to her by the ounce weight. She's never crouched under a hedge, for six or seven mortal hours, of a cold winter's night, to snare a hare, what she'd not get over three shillings for the next morning. She's not afraid to go six miles from her home, for fear of being took up, and accused of something as she never did, or as nobody can prove she ever did. Let that satisfy her, then! And if her boy's drowned, he's drowned. Others have had to bear such things, and she must bear it. She's had her share of the good things, let her take her allowance of the bad."

The cold wind, and the falling snow came rushing into the little room, with the sound of two soft hands struck one upon the other, in gentle applause.

"What's that?"

Gilbert Arnold started to his feet, with a wild look of alarm in his yellow-green eyes, and turned round towards the door behind him.

A tall man, wrapped in a shabby loose coat, with a gay, parti-colored cashmere shawl, in which yellow was the predominating hue, muffled round his throat, stood within the open door. He wore his hat so slouched over his eyes, and his neck handkerchief so close up to his nose, that nothing was to be seen of his face, but this latter organ, which was a strongly marked aquiline.

Gilbert Arnold trembled like a leaf. He caught the top rail of the chair in which he had been sitting, and clung to it for support, but it gave way under his weight, and he kicked it from him, with an oath.

"What is it? What do you want me for?" he said. He glanced furtively, as he spoke, in the direction of the little staircase, leading to the two small bedrooms of the top story, rather as if he would have made an attempt to escape from this strange visitor by rushing up the stairs.

The stranger laughed aloud,—a clear, ringing, silvery, joyous laugh, which Gilbert Arnold had heard before. He took off his hat, shook the snow on to the sanded boards, and closed the door behind him. He threw off his great coat, seated himself by the little fire, put his wet boots upon the fender, ran his hands through his glistening, golden hair, and then sat thoughtfully twirling his long, yellow moustaches, and looking at Gilbert Arnold with a pleasant smile. The lodge-keeper made a shambling, half-apologetic bow.

"Major—" he said, hesitating for the name.

"Granville Varney. Precisely. It appears that you have very few visitors here, my worthy friend, from the extraordinary effect my coming produced upon you."

Gilbert Arnold's face flushed crimson. He looked at the little Dutch clock ticking in a corner.

"Why, it's rather late," he muttered.

"Ah, to be sure. Half-past eleven. It is late. I left London by the nine o'clock express, on purpose to have a chat with you, Arnold. It's a long way from the station, but as I didn't want any of your gossip to know of my visit, I came here on foot, that's why I'm late. Now, then, to business. You thought I should come, didn't you?"

The lodge-keeper rubbed his blue chin with one hand, and hesitated.

"Why," he said, "I—"

"You expected to see me, of course. I knew you would."

Rachel Arnold looked from her husband to the Major in utter bewilderment.

"Go to bed," said Gilbert. "We don't want none of your prying nosing about; go to bed."

"Don't be discourteous to your amiable wife, my worthy friend," said the Major, smiling sweetly, and exhibiting his two rows of flashing ivory to the astonished Rachel. "What our good Arnold would say, my dear, he added, 'is merely this. As we are about to have a little serious conversation, of a strictly confidential character, and as the hour is by no means early, he would recommend your retiring to rest. He is an excellent fellow, but he has his own way of putting things, and it isn't always a pleasant way. Good night."

The Major waved his ringed white hand, and seemed to wave Mrs. Arnold out of the little sitting-room. She crept upstairs, and threw herself, dressed as she was, upon the bed.

The staircase was shut in by a door opening upon the sitting room. This door Major Granville Varney locked with his own hand. Having done this, he re-seated himself opposite to Gilbert Arnold.

"Get yourself a fresh pipe," he said, pointing to the broken fragments of the one which the lodge-keeper had dropped in his agitation.

Gilbert took a long clay pipe from a cupboard by the fireplace; the Major produced a cigar, and lighted it at the little tallow candle burning on the table. He smoked half of it before he uttered a word; and then, looking up at the lodge-keeper, who stood leaning against the mantelpiece, intently watching his visitor, he said, in a polite and conversational tone—

"You were frightened just now, when I dropped upon you so suddenly, my friend. Did you think that they—you know who—had found you at last?"

Gilbert Arnold stared at the Major, as if that smiling, yellow-whiskered individual had been a ghost.

"Let me see. You've lived at this place seven years and more; two years before that you were in Winchester goal; and a year before that, you were at Sevenoaks, in the county of Kent."

The clay pipe dropped out of the lodge-keeper's hand, and slithered into a dozen pieces upon the hearthstones.

"There goes another halfpenny," said the Major, playfully. "My worthy friend, you're quite nervous."

"No man of my name was ever at Sevenoaks," muttered Gilbert, looking into the coals, and studiously avoiding the steely blue eyes of the Major.

"No man of your name, very likely, my excellent friend; but you see some men have so many names. Suppose we drop you for the present, and talk of somebody else. Suppose we talk of Josiah Bird."

The lodge-keeper dropped into his chair as if he had been shot. He dragged the nose-towel of his handkerchief from about his throat, and wiped the cold perspiration from his low forehead with the open palm of his sunburnt hand.

"You don't care about hearing of Josiah Bird? My worthy friend, I dislike giving pain to any one, but I can't get on very well without talking of this man Bird. He took a small memorandum-book from his pocket. It was covered with yellow morocco, and glistened with gilt clasps. He selected a tiny pencil from the bunch of ornaments hanging to his watch chain, unclasped the book, and turning over the leaves till he came to the place he wanted, dotted his pencil upon it, and said, with deliberation: "As I have an idea, my worthy Arnold, that you are an extremely clever fellow, I shall be thoroughly candid in all my dealings with you. I believe that you can be useful to me, or I should not be here. If I thought you a fool, I should make use of you, without telling you that I was doing so. As I do not think you a fool, I fancy that you will be likely to serve me all the better, if I let you into some of the secrets of my policy. Gilbert Arnold, I never committed a punishable offence in my life."

The Major leaned back in his chair and laughed aloud, as if this fact had been the most excellent joke.

"No," he said, "I am an officer in the East India Company's service. I have only a Major's pay. No one ever left me a farthing, I am never in debt; and I live at the rate of a couple of thousand a year. I never in my life have placed myself in the power of the law; I never in my life have, by any one action, endangered my own liberty, or run the risk of being dressed in prison clothes, and fed on prison fare; but I know more of other people's crimes than any man living, except the members of the detective police. You may ask why I cultivate this class of information? I shall merely tell you that it is a study I have a fancy for, and that, on the whole, I find it useful. When I want a man, I don't bribe him, I don't cajole him, I don't threaten him. When I want a man, I learn his history! I wanted you, and I learned yours."

There was a gun in a corner of the room, behind the Major's chair. Gilbert Arnold's eyes glanced involuntarily in that direction. Rapid as the glance was, Major Granville Varney saw it, and, wheeling his chair round, followed Gilbert's eyes.

"Don't think of that, my good friend. Wait a few minutes, and you will see that I am here for our mutual interest. Now, then, to return to Josiah Bird. Well, go back to ten or eleven years ago. Ten or eleven years ago, you were a very fine, stalwart young man, unfortunately only too well known in this neighborhood as Gil, the poacher, and ultimately compelled, by too free a use of wire snares, to disappear from the county of Sussex, after having made a brief sojourn in Lewes goal."

"It was only a hare and a couple of pheasants," muttered the lodge-keeper, apologetically.

"No, on that occasion only a hare and a brace of pheasants. There was something said about pointing a gun at the gamekeeper who took you in custody; but I daresay that was only people's malice. Well, after a couple of months at Lewes, Gil the poacher disappeared, and the landed gentleman round Lislewood congratulated themselves on his departure. So far, so good! We come now to Josiah Bird."

"I don't know who you're talking of, nor what you're talking of," said Gilbert, savagely, with the same involuntary glance over the Major's shoulder towards the weapon in the corner behind that officer's chair.

"Don't you, really, my good friend? What a silly hankering you have after that gun! Favor me with your attention for ten minutes, and you'll see how foolish you have been. Now, in the neighborhood of Sevenoaks, Kent, there are several extensive preserves. One amongst others afforded a rich field to the poacher. In the autumn of the year '35, that is to say, ten years ago, the game disappeared off this particular estate, to an extent that aroused the indignation of the owner and his gamekeepers. One of these men, a resolute, stalwart fellow, of some six feet high, told his master that he thought he could hit upon the man who did the mischief. 'I know him,' he said; 'he's a sneaking, crawling, mean-spirited bound, called Josiah Bird. He's been seen hawking game in Sevenoaks. I'd forgive him, if he used a gun, like a man, for then there'd be a chance of catching him at it; but he crawls about, snaring his fingers like an eel. But I've got my eye upon him, and so sure as I get hold of him, he shall pay for it!'" Perhaps this came to Josiah Bird's ears, for a week afterwards the gamekeeper was found one morning lying among the fern, with his brains battered out. His gun lay a few paces from him, bent nearly double. They traced the footprints of a man through the fern, which was stained here and there by great drops of blood. The surgeon of a little village in the neighborhood told how a man had come to him before it was light, to ask him to dress a gunshot wound under his knee; a wound that might leave him, but that would, at any rate, leave a scar that would last him his life. This man was Josiah Bird. The woman at the turnpike saw him limp through the gate at daybreak, and heard him beg a lift from a wagoner going to London. Before noon the hue and cry was raised, but from that day to this the Sevenoaks constabulary have never been able to get hold of Josiah Bird. I'm afraid if ever they do, it will go hard with him, poor devil!" said the Major, laughing.

Mr. Gilbert Arnold, sitting in a crouching attitude, made as if he would have slid to the ground. The Major, with the benevolent intention of preventing his fall, clasped him suddenly by the right leg, and turning up his loose trower by a rapid movement, seized the candle, and held it close to the under part of his knee.

"Egad!" said the Indian officer, "it's a gun shot wound, and uncommonly like Josiah Bird's. I thought you had a weakness in your legs, my good Arnold."

"No, on that occasion only a hare and a brace of pheasants. There was something said about pointing a gun at the gamekeeper who took you in custody; but I daresay that was only people's malice. Well, after a couple of months at Lewes, Gil the poacher disappeared, and the landed gentleman round Lislewood congratulated themselves on his departure. So far, so good! We come now to Josiah Bird."

"I don't know who you're talking of, nor what you're talking of," said Gilbert, savagely, with the same involuntary glance over the Major's shoulder towards the weapon in the corner behind that officer's chair.

"Don't you, really, my good friend? What a silly hankering you have after that gun! Favor me with your attention for ten minutes, and you'll see how foolish you have been. Now, in the neighborhood of Sevenoaks, Kent, there are several extensive preserves. One amongst others afforded a rich field to the poacher. In the autumn of the year '35, that is to say, ten years ago, the game disappeared off this particular estate, to an extent that aroused the indignation of the owner and his gamekeepers. One of these men, a resolute, stalwart fellow, of some six feet high, told his master that he thought he could hit upon the man who did the mischief. 'I know him,' he said; 'he's a sneaking, crawling, mean-spirited bound, called Josiah Bird. He's been seen hawking game in Sevenoaks. I'd forgive him, if he used a gun, like a man, for then there'd be a chance of catching him at it; but he crawls about, snaring his fingers like an eel. But I've got my eye upon him, and so sure as I get hold of him, he shall pay for it!'" Perhaps this came to Josiah Bird's ears, for a week afterwards the gamekeeper was found one morning lying among the fern, with his brains battered out. His gun lay a few paces from him, bent nearly double. They traced the footprints of a man through the fern, which was stained here and there by great drops of blood. The surgeon of a little village in the neighborhood told how a man had come to him before it was light, to ask him to dress a gunshot wound under his knee; a wound that might leave him, but that would, at any rate, leave a scar that would last him his life. This man was Josiah Bird. The woman at the turnpike saw him limp through the gate at daybreak, and heard him beg a lift from a wagoner going to London. Before noon the hue and cry was raised, but from that day to this the Sevenoaks constabulary have never been able to get hold of Josiah Bird. I'm afraid if ever they do, it will go hard with him, poor devil!" said the Major, laughing.

Mr. Gilbert Arnold, sitting in a crouching attitude, made as if he would have slid to the ground. The Major, with the benevolent intention of preventing his fall, clasped him suddenly by the right leg, and turning up his loose trower by a rapid movement, seized the candle, and held it close to the under part of his knee.

"Egad!" said the Indian officer, "it's a gun shot wound, and uncommonly like Josiah Bird's. I thought you had a weakness in your legs, my good Arnold."

"No, on that occasion only a hare and a brace of pheasants. There was something said about pointing a gun at the gamekeeper who took you in custody; but I daresay that was only people's malice. Well, after a couple of months at Lewes, Gil the poacher disappeared, and the landed gentleman round Lislewood congratulated themselves on his departure. So far, so good! We come now to Josiah Bird."

"I don't know who you're talking of, nor what you're talking of," said Gilbert, savagely, with the same involuntary glance over the Major's shoulder towards the weapon in the corner behind that officer's chair.

"Don't you, really, my good friend? What a silly hankering you have after that gun! Favor me with your attention for ten minutes, and you'll see how foolish you have been. Now, in the neighborhood of Sevenoaks, Kent, there are several extensive preserves. One amongst others afforded a rich field to the poacher. In the autumn of the year '35, that is to say, ten years ago, the game disappeared off this particular estate, to an extent that aroused the indignation of the owner and his gamekeepers. One of these men, a resolute, stalwart fellow, of some six feet high, told his master that he thought he could hit upon the man who did the mischief. 'I know him,' he said; 'he's a sneaking, crawling, mean-spirited bound, called Josiah Bird. He's been seen hawking game in Sevenoaks. I'd forgive him, if he used a gun, like a man, for then there'd be a chance of catching him at it; but he crawls about, snaring his fingers like an eel. But I've got my eye upon him, and so sure as I get hold of him, he shall pay for it!'" Perhaps this came to Josiah Bird's ears, for a week afterwards the gamekeeper was found one morning lying among the fern, with his brains battered out. His gun lay a few paces from him, bent nearly double. They traced the footprints of a man through the fern, which was stained here and there by great drops of blood. The surgeon of a little village in the neighborhood told how a man had come to him before it was light, to ask him to dress a gunshot wound under his knee; a wound that might leave him, but that would, at any rate, leave a scar that would last him his life. This man was Josiah Bird. The woman at the turnpike saw him limp through the gate at daybreak, and heard him beg a lift from a wagoner going to London. Before noon the hue and cry was raised, but from that day to this the Sevenoaks constabulary have never been able to get hold of Josiah Bird. I'm afraid if ever they do, it will go hard with him, poor devil!" said the Major, laughing.

Mr. Gilbert Arnold, sitting in a crouching attitude, made as if he would have slid to the ground. The Major, with the benevolent intention of preventing his fall, clasped him suddenly by the right leg, and turning up his loose trower by a rapid movement, seized the candle, and held it close to the under part of his knee.

"Egad!" said the Indian officer, "it's a gun shot wound, and uncommonly like Josiah Bird's. I thought you had a weakness in your legs, my good Arnold."

"No, on that occasion only a hare and a brace of pheasants. There was something said about pointing a gun at the gamekeeper who took you in custody; but I daresay that was only people's malice. Well, after a couple of months at Lewes, Gil the poacher disappeared, and the landed gentleman round Lislewood congratulated themselves on his departure. So far, so good! We come now to Josiah Bird."

"I don't know who you're talking of, nor what you're talking of," said Gilbert, savagely, with the same involuntary glance over the Major's shoulder towards the weapon in the corner behind that officer's chair.

"Don't you, really, my good friend? What a silly hankering you have after that gun! Favor me with your attention for ten minutes, and you'll see how foolish you have been. Now, in the neighborhood of Sevenoaks, Kent, there are several extensive preserves. One amongst others afforded a rich field to the poacher. In the autumn of the year '35, that is to say, ten years ago, the game disappeared off this particular estate, to an extent that aroused the indignation of the owner and his gamekeepers. One of these men, a resolute, stalwart fellow, of some six feet high, told his master that he thought he could hit upon the man who did the mischief. 'I know him,' he said; 'he's a sneaking, crawling, mean-spirited bound, called Josiah Bird. He's been seen hawking game in Sevenoaks. I'd forgive him, if he used a gun, like a man, for then there'd be a chance of catching him at it; but he crawls about, snaring his fingers like an eel. But I've got my eye upon him, and so sure as I get hold of him, he shall pay for it!'" Perhaps this came to Josiah Bird's ears, for a week afterwards the gamekeeper was found one morning lying among the fern, with his brains battered out. His gun lay a few paces from him, bent nearly double. They traced the footprints of a man through the fern, which was stained here and there by great drops of blood. The surgeon of a little village in the neighborhood told how a man had come to him before it was light, to ask him to dress a gunshot wound under his knee; a wound that might leave him, but that would, at any rate, leave a scar that would last him his life. This man was Josiah Bird. The woman at the turnpike saw him limp through the gate at daybreak, and heard him beg a lift from a wagoner going to London. Before noon the hue and cry was raised, but from that day to this the Sevenoaks constabulary have never been able to get hold of Josiah Bird. I'm afraid if ever they do, it will go hard with him, poor devil!" said the Major, laughing.

Mr. Gilbert Arnold, sitting in a crouching attitude, made as if he would have slid to the ground. The Major, with the benevolent intention of preventing his fall, clasped him suddenly by the right leg, and turning up his loose trower by a rapid movement, seized the candle, and held it close to the under part of his knee.

"Egad!" said the Indian officer, "it's a gun shot wound, and uncommonly like Josiah Bird's. I thought you had a weakness in your legs, my good Arnold."

"No, on that occasion only a hare and a brace of pheasants. There was something said about pointing a gun at the gamekeeper who took you in custody; but I daresay that was only people's malice. Well, after a couple of months at Lewes, Gil the poacher disappeared, and the landed gentleman round Lislewood congratulated themselves on his departure. So far, so good! We come now to Josiah Bird."

"I don't know who you're talking of, nor what you're talking of," said Gilbert, savagely, with the same involuntary glance over the Major's shoulder towards the weapon in the corner behind that officer's chair.

"Don't you, really, my good friend? What a silly hankering you have after that gun! Favor me with your attention for ten minutes, and you'll see how foolish you have been. Now, in the neighborhood of Sevenoaks, Kent, there are several extensive preserves. One amongst others afforded a rich field to the poacher. In the autumn of the year '35, that is to say, ten years ago, the game disappeared off this particular estate, to an extent that aroused the indignation of the owner and his gamekeepers. One of these men, a resolute, stalwart fellow, of some six feet high, told his master that he thought he could hit upon the man who did the mischief. 'I know him,' he said; 'he's a sneaking, crawling, mean-spirited bound, called Josiah Bird. He's been seen hawking game in Sevenoaks. I'd forgive him, if he used a gun, like a man, for then there'd be a chance of catching him at it; but he crawls about, snaring his fingers like an eel. But I've got my eye upon him, and so sure as I get hold of him, he shall pay for it!'" Perhaps this came to Josiah Bird's ears, for a week afterwards the gamekeeper was found one morning lying among the fern, with his brains battered out. His gun lay a few paces from him, bent nearly double. They traced the footprints of a man through the fern, which was stained here and there by great drops of blood. The surgeon of a little village in the neighborhood told how a man had come to him before it was light, to ask him to dress a gunshot wound under his knee; a wound that might leave him, but that would, at any rate, leave a scar that would last him his life. This man was Josiah Bird. The woman at the turnpike saw him limp through the gate at daybreak, and heard him beg a lift from a wagoner going to London. Before noon the hue and cry was raised, but from that day to this the Sevenoaks constabulary have never been able to get hold of Josiah Bird. I'm afraid if ever they do, it will go hard with him, poor devil!" said the Major, laughing.

Mr. Gilbert Arnold, sitting in a crouching attitude, made as if he would have slid to the ground. The Major, with the benevolent intention of preventing his fall, clasped him suddenly by the right leg, and turning up his loose trower by a rapid movement, seized the candle, and held it close to the under part of his knee.

"Egad!" said the Indian officer, "it's a gun shot wound, and uncommonly like Josiah Bird's. I thought you had a weakness in your legs, my good Arnold."

"No, on that occasion only a hare and a brace of pheasants. There was something said about pointing a gun at the gamekeeper who took you in custody; but I daresay that was only people's malice. Well, after a couple of months at Lewes, Gil the poacher disappeared, and the landed gentleman round Lislewood congratulated themselves on his departure. So far, so good! We come now to Josiah Bird."

"I don't know who you're talking of, nor what you're talking of," said Gilbert, savagely, with the same involuntary glance over the Major's shoulder towards the weapon in the corner behind that officer's chair.

"Don't you, really, my good friend? What a silly hankering you have after that gun! Favor me with your attention for ten minutes, and you'll see how foolish you have been. Now, in the neighborhood of Sevenoaks, Kent, there are several extensive preserves. One amongst others afforded a rich field to the poacher. In the autumn of the year '35, that is to say, ten years ago, the game disappeared off this particular estate, to an extent that aroused the indignation of the owner and his gamekeepers. One of these men, a resolute, stalwart fellow, of some six feet high, told his master that he thought he could hit upon the man who did the mischief. 'I know him,' he said; 'he's a sneaking, crawling, mean-spirited bound, called Josiah Bird. He's been seen hawking game in Sevenoaks. I'd forgive him, if he used a gun, like a man, for then there'd be a chance of catching him at it; but he crawls about, snaring his fingers like an eel. But I've got my eye upon him, and so sure as I get hold of him, he shall pay for it!'" Perhaps this came to Josiah Bird's ears, for a week afterwards the gamekeeper was found one morning lying among the fern, with his brains battered out. His gun lay a few paces from him, bent nearly double. They traced the footprints of a man through the fern, which was stained here and there by great drops of blood. The surgeon of a little village in the neighborhood told how a man had come to him before it was light, to ask him to dress a gunshot wound under his knee; a wound that might leave him, but that would, at any rate, leave a scar that would last him his life. This man was Josiah Bird. The woman at the turnpike saw him limp through the gate at daybreak, and heard him beg a lift from a wagoner going to London. Before noon the hue and cry was raised, but from that day to this the Sevenoaks constabulary have never been able to get hold of Josiah Bird. I'm afraid if ever they do, it will go hard with him, poor devil!" said the Major, laughing.

Mr. Gilbert Arnold, sitting in a crouching attitude, made as if he would have slid to the ground. The Major, with the benevolent intention of preventing his fall, clasped him suddenly by the right leg, and turning up his loose trower by a rapid movement, seized the candle, and held it close to the under part of his knee.

"Egad!" said the Indian officer, "it's a gun shot wound, and uncommonly like Josiah Bird's. I thought you had a weakness in your legs, my good Arnold."

"No, on that occasion only a hare and a brace of pheasants. There was something said about pointing a gun at the gamekeeper who took you in custody; but I daresay that was only people's malice. Well, after a couple of months at Lewes, Gil the poacher disappeared, and the landed gentleman round Lislewood congratulated themselves on his departure. So far, so good! We come now to Josiah Bird."

"I don't know who you're talking of, nor what you're talking of," said Gilbert, savagely, with the same involuntary glance over the Major's shoulder towards the weapon in the corner behind that officer's chair.

"Don't you, really, my good friend? What a silly hankering you have after that gun! Favor me with your attention for ten minutes, and you'll see how foolish you have been. Now, in the neighborhood of Sevenoaks, Kent, there are several extensive preserves. One amongst others afforded a rich field to the poacher. In the autumn of the year '35, that is to say, ten years ago, the game disappeared off this particular estate, to an extent that aroused the indignation of the owner and his gamekeepers. One of these men, a resolute, stalwart fellow, of some six feet high, told his master that he thought he could hit upon the man who did the mischief. 'I know him,' he said; 'he's a sneaking, crawling, mean-spirited bound, called Josiah Bird. He's been seen hawking game in Sevenoaks. I'd forgive him, if he used a gun, like a man, for then there'd be a chance of catching him at it; but he crawls about, snaring his fingers like an eel. But I've got my eye upon him, and so sure as I get hold of him, he shall pay for it!'" Perhaps this came to Josiah Bird's ears, for a week afterwards the gamekeeper was found one morning lying among the fern, with his brains battered out. His gun lay a few paces from him, bent nearly double. They traced the footprints of a man through the fern, which was stained here and there by great drops of blood. The surgeon of a little village in the neighborhood told how a man had come to him before it was light, to ask him to dress a gunshot wound under his knee; a wound that might leave him, but that would, at any rate, leave a scar that would last him his life. This man was Josiah Bird. The woman at the turnpike saw him limp through the gate at daybreak, and heard him beg a lift from a wagoner going to London. Before noon the hue and cry was raised, but from that day to this the Sevenoaks constabulary have never been able to get hold of Josiah Bird. I'm afraid if ever they do, it will go

man he ought to be, he has no such thought.

The best thing we can say for Fremont, in the face of the charges made against him, is that the great majority of the people of the West seem to sustain him. As to his competency or incompetency, that probably will be proved one way or the other, before many weeks. As to the defenses made for him by his friends relative to the charges of extravagance and exclusiveness, at this distance they read well. It is evident Fremont has had no light task on his shoulders, and that which must be done hurriedly can seldom be done either very politely or very economically. Some men will be offended if you jostle them running to a fire, or do not remove the furniture from the burning house in the most careful and methodical manner. But sensible men always make allowances for the exigencies of the moment, and will say in this case, give Fremont fair play and justice; then if he fails, after a fair trial, put another in his place.

WASHINGTON.

A Washington correspondent of a contemporary says—

A Cabinet member was complaining the other day of Fremont, to Mr. Potter, of Wisconsin—the Potter of Pryor (and bow-knife) Fremont. Said the Cabinet member: "What has Fremont been about? He has been fitting out troops and moving troops for the last three weeks—but why has he not been fighting?" "Let me ask you a question," said the stout Wisconsin man. "What have you been doing in this vicinity?" "We were fitting out and moving troops all the early summer, and fought the glorious Bull Run battle. Since then you have been moving troops, and moving troops. You even drew away from Fremont's scanty army some of his best regiments—none please tell me what you have done!" The Cabinet officer could not reply a word—not a single word.

That is very well put at this time—and may teach some of the Washington and New York assailants of Fremont, a little caution and charity.

We perceive by a recent order of Gen. McClellan's naming the various forts around Washington, that there are now no less than thirty-two of these forts; and, if the letter writers may be believed, the troops are engaged in throwing up others. The idea seems to be to make Washington perfectly impregnable. It is difficult for people at a distance to realize the necessity of all this fort building, and of the apparent inactivity of the large force which must now be concentrated in the Potomac; but we are glad to see a general disposition to acquiesce cheerfully in everything that is done, and is not done, by those to whom the direction of affairs has been entrusted.

In war as in peace, as much is sometimes gained by inaction as by action. And the time is doubtless drawing near when even the cautious Scott himself will say, we must now strike. Let us trust that when the blow struck, it will prove that the long delay which the country has so patiently and cheerfully acquiesced in, was but to accumulate the electricity in order that the lightning of war might descend in one terrible flash to the very centre and core of the rebellion.

MISSOURI.

The recent news from Missouri is rather favorable. Price had evacuated Lexington—and it is rumored that a detachment of his army which had crossed the Missouri river, had been driven back by Gen. Sturgis in confusion.

Salida, which is the extreme western end of the Pacific railroad, lies almost directly west of St. Louis and Jefferson City, and south of Lexington. This place is now occupied by the advance of Fremont under Sigel, and would appear to separate Price from his secession friends in Arkansas. Price at the last advice was retreating westward, towards the Kansas line, from which he is not very distant. It is to be hoped that he will be placed in such a position, that if defeated his army will be unable to hold together. Still war is a very uncertain game, and it is best not to expect too much, for we thus avoid the risk of disappointment. In a list of the rebel leaders who are with Price, we see all the principal names, including Hardee, with the exception of McCulloch. This would seem to show that all the rebel forces had been united, for recent advice would indicate that McCulloch was in Arkansas, raising a new force for Missouri. The contest may be decided, however, before he has time to bring his reinforcements upon the scene of action.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

In Western Virginia we seem to be almost uniformly successful. A rebel force at Chapmanville was recently routed—one hundred being killed, and a large number made prisoners—by a detachment of Kentucky, Ohio, and Virginia volunteers under Col. Hyatt and Lieut. Col. Engart; and all our divisions seem to more than hold their own against Lee, Floyd and Wise. The whole secret of the matter appears to be that the contending forces in Western Virginia are pretty fairly matched as to numbers, though we by no means wish to detract from the merits of the Union troops and their commanders. So far, wherever there has been anything like a fair fight, we have been victorious.

A FOOLISH REPORT.—The London Times, which seems to take to a lie as naturally as a duck to water, devotes a whole column to a ridiculous report that the President has asked Garibaldi to accept the post of Commander-in-Chief of the United States army. The Times manifests as much ignorance of the history of the present as of the past.

LOYAL SOUTHERN OFFICERS IN THE NAVY.—We perceive by the new Navy Register, that of 390 Captains, Commanders and Lieutenants in the Navy, 153 were appointed from the Southern States, and are loyal men. This is a fair proportion of Southern officers, according to the relative populations.

THE RUINS OF PASTUM.

The lovers of pretty things, and those who are curious in art, should not neglect to visit Messrs. Bailey & Co.'s, Chestnut St. above Eighth, while this fine specimen of Mosaic is on exhibition there. Without having had an opportunity of comparing this with the celebrated specimens of Mosaic art in Italy, it appears to us on its own merits a very remarkable work. Judged as a painting only, it would be a fine one.

The heathen temples stand clear and fair in their decaying beauty against the blue Italian sky, which wraps to a faint crimson on the horizon. A group of trees in the right foreground, with gnarled and twisted roots and olive green foliage, show glimpses of a pleasant landscape beyond. It is difficult to believe that the vivid coloring and beautiful atmospheric effects of this fine picture are obtained by the adjustment of countless atoms of colored stone. So perfectly adjusted are they, that it is only some chance effect of light that proves it to us.

A scrap of paper in a slight frame, describing the scene of the picture and its historical associations, informs us that the artist spent twenty years in bringing his Mosaic to its present state—and makes no mention whatever of that artist's name! On further scrutiny, we found the name of "F. Rinaldi" inscribed in a corner of his work. It appears to us fitting that the name of the maker should not be so entirely swallowed up in the interest of his work; as if he had been, for instance, only the polisher and setter of those fine diamonds in the window. Pretty baubles! how they flash and glitter! Only eleven thousand five hundred dollars for this superior set of playthings! What a mere bagatelle!

Plenty of attractions for the eye to be found in Bailey & Co.'s, when it is ready to turn from Signor Rinaldi's work; particularly attractive if the visual orb should belong to a lady. Let our readers try the experiment of subjecting some lady friend to their influences. Truly, those flashing diamonds, those pure, poetical-looking pearls, reminding us of the pretty conceits lavished upon them by Michelet, in his "La Mer," and the deep, mysterious light of the opals, are enough to charm one into a dream over their treasure caskets.

But there is something at strange variance with these womanly adornments—a sharp, glittering blade, cruel-looking in spite of its decorations. We cannot fancy General Anderson, the quiet and modest hero of Sumter, finding those gaudy amethysts in any accordance with his character.

But the sword among the jewels is emblematic enough and suggestive enough to bring us back again with a sharp pluck to the bitterly pressing thoughts and needs of the day. No jewels, no garish adornments for our wives and daughters now, deems have their place, perhaps, and are fair and fitting there; but not for America's brow or bosom now. Her jewels are like Cornelia's—her brave sons. While wishing all good fortune to the proprietors of those beautiful jewels, we shall not be sorry to see them shining in the same place like fixed stars for a long time to come. Till better and brighter days dawn upon us, at any rate.

PIETY AND SCALPING.

Among the rebel letters picked up in the deserted camp at Munson's Hill, was a letter from "Sarah A. M. Perry" to her "lover and Darling" Jesse Stowers, of the "Georgia Regulars first Regiment." In the course of the letter, which is full of piety and affection, Sarah says:—

Sister Rebekah sees she wishes you would make haste and get old links and skelp and come home she says. If you was to get old links and skelp that they would let you come home with it she wants you to come home safe she wants to tell you some things that has been said since you left I hear it is something that has been said between you and she says that you must take good care of yourself and put your trust in God and he will take care of you for God is all at last Jesse.

I pray for you and will pray that you be spared to get home safe and not get shot for I want to live to see you once more in this life for all of my satisfaction in this world is to see you again all that keeps me a live is wondering if you are safe when I see the marks of your sweet pen in a great joy to me then it gives me hope and fills my mind with a hope that may see you a gain.

The ferocity shown in the desire that Jesse should get "old links and skelp," contrasts rather oddly with the pious expressions of the letter—but we suppose secession piety like secession honor, is of rather a peculiar character.

The New York Herald rather "put its foot into it"—to use a common expression—the other day. It was making merry over the Richmond prediction that the rebel army would winter in New York. It said:—

"They will take New York city," but they will not harm it. It would destroy their pleasure, as well as our comfort, if they disturbed us very much. Our amusements will go on as usual, but under a Southern censorship. Fancy Mrs. Wood compelled to introduce Southern melodies into her harlequin, and Laura Keane forced to make the South in the right in her "Seven Sons," and the Bryant singing "Dixie's Land" at the point of the bayonet, and Hermann essaying the "Marseillaise" and teaching Floyd and Cobb prestidigitation, and the New Bowery folk ordered to play "Bull Run," with a new finale until further notice. Imagine *The Tribune* suppressed, and *The Times* denied the mails; *The Day Book* itself again, and *The Daily News* revived; *The Journal of Commerce* with its old editor returned, and *The Express* demonstrating daily that it had always advocated Davis.

And the Herald—what of it? at once occurs to every reader. And then comes the mental answer, Why, of course, another Somerset.

TWO WAYS OF GETTING THE COTTON OUT.—Either by letting it out on bale, or by bagging it.

Why are the Seceding States like the plagues of Egypt? Because seven went out, and "they were exceeding grievous to be borne with."

IS THE EAST DOING ITS DUTY?

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
ROSEFIELD, PENNSYLVANIA, CO., ILLINOIS,
Sept. 30, 1861.

Mr. Editor.—In the "Chicago Tribune," in its weekly issue of September 26th, I notice the following language, which I copy, inquiring of you as to its truth or falsity. I copy only a portion. The italics are my own. The article is headed "The Laggard States," from which I select as follows:—

"The worst delinquent in the great state of Pennsylvania, which is within a stone's throw of the National Capital, now being besieged by the rebels. Congress authorized the President to call out 500,000 men. Pennsylvania's contribution, on pro rata principles, is 75,000. She has not this day 30,000 soldiers mustered into the Government service. She is short fifty thousand of her due proportion. Pennsylvania has more office-holders, contractors, and speculators feeding at the public crib than she has men with muskets in their hands, and yet no state vaunts her patriotism more loudly. Possibly it is because so many of her citizens are poring themselves with plunder, that she has so few men to spare for the army. She boasts of furnishing a Secretary of War, to manage the contest, and a Major-General to command the grand army of the Potomac. But if she would contribute her quota of soldiers, it would not be necessary to strip Fremont of the Western legions which he was preparing for his march on New Orleans, nor would her beloved Secretary be in peril of being driven from the Capitol, or made a prisoner within sight of his own state. * * * Kansas is the only state of the whole list which has raised her full quota. Illinois comes next, having mustered into the service for the war, about 40,000 men; and in a fortnight hence she will have her full share of 45,000, and will make it the even 50,000 to be fore stopping."

"New York will have 60,000 men in the field by next week, which is three-fifths of her quota. The New England states have raised barely one half of their proportion. Even beautiful Massachusetts is far short of her share, though she promises to have them forth-coming shortly. New Jersey has in the service scarcely half her quota. Delaware has one regiment, but is raising another. Take the ten Eastern states in the aggregate, and they have not furnished one-half their proper share of troops. They are behind to day one hundred and fifty regiments. There is no decent excuse for this culpable short coming; therefore we have urged the propriety of resorting to drafting. The men must be had. The West will do its share voluntarily, and the East should have a little salutary coercion applied to spur the laggards to their duty."

Such, Mr. Editor, is the language used by the *Chicago Tribune*. As a Pennsylvanian, as a matter of course, I feel justly indignant at the aspersions cast upon my native state. I, therefore, ask you the question:—Are the statements made by the above journal, true or false? If true, I confess I must blush for the good name of Pennsylvania, and of the East at large. If false, as I believe them to be, the editor of that paper is truly a public calumniator, and stands in need of a little "wholesome correction" in the shape of exposure of his unjust charges. One of two things must be true; either leading Eastern journals have for some time past been laboring to deceive the people as to the true state of affairs, or the *Chicago Tribune*, (if it knows anything at all of the matter whereof it speaks,) publishes what it knows to be wilful falsehood. The course of that journal has for some time past been so insulting to the citizens of that state which has contributed so largely to the population, the intelligence and prosperity of Illinois, that it is high time it should be called upon to make good its assertions, or be branded a willful slanderer of a loyal commonwealth. This state has indeed done nobly, but that, in my opinion at least, furnishes no reason why one of her leading journals should deal in vituperation and abuse of other loyal members of a common country. If Pennsylvania is now a recreant from duty she has truly forgotten Brandywine and Germantown, and the bloody foot-prints at Valley Forge. As to Massachusetts, so contemptuously spoken of by the *Tribune*, we may say, in the words of one of her own distinguished sons, now numbered with the dead, "She needs no encomium. There is her history. The world knows it by heart." The journalist who has the heart to malign and abuse Pennsylvania or Massachusetts needs to learn the chief lessons of American liberty, needs to more closely read American history. Let him go to Bunker Hill or Faneuil Hall, and there think, if he dare, that Massachusetts will prove false to her trust. Let him go to the spot consecrated by the Declaration of American Independence, and ask himself, Will Pennsylvania be untrue to herself? If there be what ever of noble impulse in his soul he cannot fail to answer, No, never. And when the history of this war is written, when the pen of the historian tells of the thousands slain, the privation endured, and the millions expended, we feel confident no section of the country can complain of the Atlantic states, no state can cast any recriminations upon Massachusetts or Pennsylvania. As it we cannot help but feel that disappointed ambition of some similar cause furnished the chief incentive to the *Tribune* to pour invective and abuse upon the character of the "Keystone state." Knowing you to be possessed of means of disproving the above charges, if false, I appeal to you, in the name of Pennsylvania, and the Eastern states at large, to clear up the charges made, that Eastern people in the West, may not be made to blush for their native states, and that we may all know just how much reliance may be placed upon future statements of the *Chicago Tribune*.

A PENNSYLVANIAN IN ILLINOIS.

(NOTE.—See editorial on "Comparative Patriotism.")

If the rebellion cannot be suppressed by force, can it be put down by weakness?

Why is the man who makes additions to false war rumors, like one who has confidence in all that is told? Because he relies on all he hears.

One of our exchanges has discovered the cause of the retreat of our army at Bull Run. It says "the battle was at its hottest point and nearly won to our side, there came word that there were two oceans in the New York Custom House. Hence the stampede."

THE CHARGES AGAINST FREMONT.

Before General Fremont left New York he procured from the Government full arms for 5,000 men; but after Manassas those arms were diverted to Washington, and have never been returned. With the exception of a few large guns, he has not received any arms from Washington.

An instance of the utterly groundless charges against him, is the statement that he has involved the Government in express expenditures for the transportation of guns, etc., amounting to \$300,000, when the truth is that all the express bills he has incurred do not reach \$30,000. About the cost of transporting one Illinois regiment to Washington.

Fremont left at St. Louis, when he started up the river on Friday, 27th ult., whole regiments for which he had no weapons, while a regiment of cavalry lately drew up before him with but a single saddle and not a belt or sword.

The Detroit Advertiser states that the Ordnance Department at Washington sold 10,000 Enfield muskets (or rifles) since Bull Run, to a private dealer for \$10 each, and that the Government has since tried to buy them back for \$20. Had those arms been sent promptly to Fremont instead of being so fooled away, we believe affairs in Missouri would have worn a far brighter aspect to-day.

To buy serviceable though not very heavy arms, at exorbitant prices, must in all times be an unwelcome necessity, to sell them, under existing circumstances, is, in a public functionary, a blunder if no worse.

Schuyler Colfax writes:—"To show, however, how the number of his troops has been exaggerated, even by those on the spot, we would state that while we were in St. Louis, two of the highest provisional state officers told us that there were 30,000 troops in the city, and that half of them at least could be spared, and should be sent, with others from other points, after Price. So we thought too, and so told the general. He handed us the muster-roll of all the United States troops in and around St. Louis on that day, numbering barely 8,000, composed of two full regiments, and a number of fragmentary ones. After that, he received the order for troops to be sent to Washington."

THE CHARGES AGAINST FREMONT.

Before General Fremont left New York he procured from the Government full arms for 5,000 men; but after Manassas those arms were diverted to Washington, and have never been returned. With the exception of a few large guns, he has not received any arms from Washington.

An instance of the utterly groundless charges against him, is the statement that he has involved the Government in express expenditures for the transportation of guns, etc., amounting to \$300,000, when the truth is that all the express bills he has incurred do not reach \$30,000. About the cost of transporting one Illinois regiment to Washington.

Fremont left at St. Louis, when he started up the river on Friday, 27th ult., whole regiments for which he had no weapons, while a regiment of cavalry lately drew up before him with but a single saddle and not a belt or sword.

The Detroit Advertiser states that the Ordnance Department at Washington sold 10,000 Enfield muskets (or rifles) since Bull Run, to a private dealer for \$10 each, and that the Government has since tried to buy them back for \$20. Had those arms been sent promptly to Fremont instead of being so fooled away, we believe affairs in Missouri would have worn a far brighter aspect to-day.

To buy serviceable though not very heavy arms, at exorbitant prices, must in all times be an unwelcome necessity, to sell them, under existing circumstances, is, in a public functionary, a blunder if no worse.

Schuyler Colfax writes:—"To show, however, how the number of his troops has been exaggerated, even by those on the spot, we would state that while we were in St. Louis, two of the highest provisional state officers told us that there were 30,000 troops in the city, and that half of them at least could be spared, and should be sent, with others from other points, after Price. So we thought too, and so told the general. He handed us the muster-roll of all the United States troops in and around St. Louis on that day, numbering barely 8,000, composed of two full regiments, and a number of fragmentary ones. After that, he received the order for troops to be sent to Washington."

Again, it is well known at St. Louis that he had all his plans laid some time since for surrounding and capturing Martin Green, while in North Missouri. The intoxication of a United States Brigadier-General frustrated them, and allowed him to escape. Another movement was immediately planned, which, by a bold and successful dash in the West, would have probably broken up the Rebel army on the Potomac, in their anxiety for the reinforcements from Indiana and Wisconsin, on which he relied to swell the numbers of his attacking party, were just at this time ordered East, which ended that movement. Price then advanced toward Lexington, and the orders were already prepared for the concentration of sufficient troops to reinforce Mulligan, and capture the rebel army. Just then came the order from Washington for 5,000 of his best armed and equipped troops to be sent thither immediately, and the regiments accordingly went East instead of West. We know what his feelings were when he received the order. We were there at the time, and he said, "Washington, if in danger, must be saved, even if the West is lost and myself destroyed." But reinforcements were ordered to Mulligan. Why those which left North Missouri by his orders, five days before the surrender, did not arrive, no one as yet knows."

Mr. Davis, M. C., of Philadelphia, who was with Fremont, says:—

"On the Saturday preceding the siege of Lexington, 5,000 troops were ordered to Washington from St. Louis. Gen. Fremont then had in St. Louis but 7,500 men, but he immediately sent on two of his best regiments. He said as they left, 'The heart must be preserved, even if the extremities perish.' The news from Lexington caused him to decline sending more, and Gen. Scott sustained him."

FROM WASHINGTON.—If private intelligence is to be relied upon, the enemy's strongest position is about 14 miles in the rear of Manassas Junction, where it is represented the entire available reserves of the South are concentrated. The bearer of this information has recently visited all the principal points from Richmond to Leesburg, and has given many important details of the positions, numbers and resources of the rebels, which are not requisite to be published at this time. All former statements as to the privations, discontent and demoralization of the rebel troops are fully confirmed. The officers still attempt to inflate the hopes of the soldiers that Washington will fall an easy prey to the chivalry of the South; but the recent successful expedition to Hatteras, and the progress of Rosecrans in Western Virginia, together with scarcity of food and money, are rapidly convincing the dupes of political aspirants, that the days of the reign of Southern tyranny are numbered. The soldiers and subalterns, and in many cases, officers of a high grade, utter loud complaints against Virginia for not furnishing the materials and means of war as promised through the partisan leaders. The government furnishes this information, and sincerely believes that delay is the surest and quickest weapon to reduce the South to slavery.

RUSSELL WAKING UP.—The London Times of the 16th, publishes another letter from Mr. Russell, dated September 2, which contains very little of interest to the American people, beyond the expression of the opinion that the army under Gen. McClellan is every fine one. He says that "by the time the season is favorable and other combinations are ready for execution the army will justify the expectations which are entertained of it, and will deserve some of the eulogies passed on it by anticipation. Never, perhaps, has a finer body of men in all the respects of physique been assembled by any power in the world, and there is no reason why their morale should not be improved so as to equal that of the best troops of Europe."

LOSS OF THE PROPELLER FANNY.—The Fanny was captured on Tuesday night by three rebel tugs, which put out from Roanoke Island. She was on her way from Hatteras Inlet to Chatham, when the enemy's men of the Twentieth Indiana Regiment, and was captured by three rebel tugs, which put out from Roanoke Island.

Two rifled cannon, twenty-five of the Indiana Regiment, including Quartermaster Ira W. Haet, several of Col. Hawkins's Regiment, and a cargo of commissary stores, fell into the hands of the rebels.

The captain of the propeller and the crew alone escaped. The Fanny was from this city—and is of very little value.

CUBA AND THE REBELS.—The Act published by the Charleston Mercury, alleged to come from the Spanish Government, admitting the rebel flag into Cuban ports, is proved to be a forgery. The vessels sailing under the rebel flag have been compelled to hoist the stars and stripes before being allowed to enter. The rumor of Spain making an expedition in conjunction with France and England against Mexico, are doubtless entitled to no credit. This has been talked of for so many years, that we must bear of the expedition sailing before we believe it.

IN A TIGHT PLACE.—We have heard of many "tight" places, but the one in which a little fellow found himself last Saturday beats them all. Dr. Dunlap was called in great haste last Saturday, and when he arrived at the place, he found a little boy with his head jammed into a hole cut in a large stone for a cistern pump. The little fellow had conceived the idea of standing on his head, and for this purpose placed his head into the hole, which was barely large enough to admit it, and as he elevated his heels the weight of his body wedged his head into the hole, in such a manner that extraction was doubtful. The doctor found the little fellow with his heels up, sustained in that position by the arms of a sister, while there was a great rush of blood to the head. A blow sufficient to break the stone would have caused a concussion of the brain that would have destroyed the child's life. The doctor raised the stone on its edge, relieving the head from the skull of blood, and by the movement of the skull within the scalp first in front and then in rear, pushing the scalp through, after some fifteen minutes relieved the little fellow with some rough graining of the skin.—*Springfield News.*

CATS AND GARDENS.—Every lover of flowers knows that a "hell in a china-shop" is not more out of place, than a cat in a garden, yet it is not generally known that there is one plant at least which cannot be grown except in the absence of the feline race. The plant is Nemophila, and it has been frequently noticed that before the seed has been a week in the ground, all the cats in the neighborhood will come and roll themselves in the place where it is sown; and although it has no smell, they will single it out from among a score of batches of other seeds. To fairly test the matter, some Nemophila was sown in a large vase which stood alone in the center of a plot of grass, and long before the seed appeared above the ground, three or four cats were frequently noticed at once rolling on the top of the vase. What is the reason of this curious fancy of the cat?—*Notes and Queries.*

Now and then one finds an ignoramus who quotes the so-called "Blue Laws" as if they were an authentic representation of a state of society once existing in Connecticut, not knowing that the entire code was a malicious fabrication of a renegade and refugee from the Colony.—*Independent.*

A BEAUTIFUL CUSTOM.—It was formerly the custom at Rheims, on Christmas morning, in the cathedral of that city, to loose birds out of a cage, as emblems of what Christ does for the soul, in freeing his hopes and aspirations from imprisonment by despair and sin.

In the march of life, don't heed the order of "right about," when you know you are about right.

"CANNON" LAW.—The town of Charleston besieged by Henry IV., and at last capitulated. The magistrate of the town, on giving up the keys, addressed his majesty:—"This town belongs to your highness by Divine law, and by human law." "And by cannon law, too," added Henry.

Society is like a glass of ale—the dregs go to the bottom, the froth and scum to the surface, and the substance, or the better portion, remains about the centre.

To hoop a firkin, pail, tub or barrel, when no iron bands or wooden hoops are convenient, pass an iron wire twice around and twist the ends to make them hold. It may be driven or tightened like an ordinary hoop.

The best net with which to haul in rebels—Hay-seeds.

GOSE TO GRASS.—New Orleans is represented as falling rapidly to decay. Pumpkins are cropping out wildly between the paving stones of her desolate streets; and the only rents that the landlords ever see, now, are those in their own scanty garments. The Timothy crop in the principal thoroughfares, however, is represented as being remarkably fine, so that cows are pasturing at large where once rolled the fashionable carriages of the cotton magnates. In point of fact, New Orleans appears to be about as well covered at present, as can reasonably be expected up to date.—*Family Pair.*

The Cornhill (Eng.) Magazine speaks of Mason & Dixon's line, as though Dixie had become so worn into the writer's mind as to confuse his history.

A gentleman calling at a stable to see a pair of horses that had been advertised for sale, and finding but one of them there, asked the man in attendance, "Where's his mate?" "Faith, sir, an' I think he gives 'em mate but once a week," was the reply.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE WAR?—The Northern States are responsible for this war just as Jesus was responsible for the crime of Judas and Pilate; just as Paul and the primitive church were responsible for the martyrdoms inflicted by the Emperor of Rome; just as Luther caused the Thirty Years' War; and our American ancestors the war of the Revolution.—*Rev. A. D. Mayo.*

We have heard of asking for bread and receiving a stone; but a gentleman may be considered as still worse treated when he asks for a lady's hand and receives her father's foot!

FOREIGN DEMAND FOR BREADSTUFFS.—That two such years of good crops at home and high prices abroad as this and the last should have come to us just at this great National crisis must be regarded as almost providential. Last year, up to this time, our total exports were \$99,757,793, against \$49,067,440 in 1859. Of the exports of 1860 the great bulk of value was in cotton, until later in the season, when the great crop of cereals began to find its way to the seaboard, after which the proportion of grain in the National export manifest rapidly increased. Altogether we were paid not less than \$50,000,000 in gold for the breadstuffs sold by us to our European customers. This year we have been exporting since the 1st of January at the rate of more than two millions of dollars per week, or in exact figures, the enormous sum of \$95,067,241, fully one-half of which has been in cereals. Better than this for our finances there is small probability of an abatement in the foreign demand, the last accounts from France and England representing the crops at least a third below an average. In England the deficiency has been estimated in some districts at two thirds, and a like unfavorable state of things is reported in parts of France. Wheat is where plentiful on the Continent; rice is short in Germany; Indian corn seriously so in Italy; and potatoes are generally doubtful. The harvest not being satisfactory in Portugal, all grain, except Indian corn, is admitted free of duty until April 30 of next year.

IN A TIGHT PLACE.—We have heard of many "tight" places, but the one in which a little fellow found himself last Saturday beats them all. Dr. Dunlap was called in great haste last Saturday, and when he arrived at the place, he found a little boy with his head jammed into a hole cut in a large stone for a cistern pump. The little fellow had conceived the idea of standing on his head, and for this purpose placed his head into the hole, which was barely large enough to admit it, and as he elevated his heels the weight of his body wedged his head into the hole, in such a manner that extraction was doubtful. The doctor found the little fellow with his heels up, sustained in that position by the arms of a sister, while there was a great rush of blood to the head. A blow sufficient to break the stone would have caused a concussion of the brain that would have destroyed the child's life. The doctor raised the stone on its edge, relieving the head from the skull of blood, and by the movement of the skull within the scalp first in front and then in rear, pushing the scalp through, after some fifteen minutes relieved the little fellow with some rough graining of the skin.—*Springfield News.*

CATS AND GARDENS.—Every lover of flowers knows that a "hell in a china-shop" is not more out of place, than a cat in a garden, yet it is not generally known that there is one plant at least which cannot be grown except in the absence of the feline race. The plant is Nemophila, and it has been frequently noticed that before the seed has been a week in the ground, all the cats in the neighborhood will come and roll themselves in the place where it is sown; and although it has no smell, they will single it out from among a score of batches of other seeds. To fairly test the matter, some Nemophila was sown in a large vase which stood alone in the center of a plot of grass, and long before the seed appeared above the ground, three or four cats were frequently noticed at once rolling on the top of the vase. What is the reason of this curious fancy of the cat?—*Notes and Queries.*

IN A TIGHT PLACE.—We have heard of many "tight" places, but the one in which a little fellow found himself last Saturday beats them all. Dr. Dunlap was called in great haste last Saturday, and when he arrived at the place, he found a little boy with his head jammed into a hole cut in a large stone for a cistern pump. The little fellow had conceived the idea of standing on his head, and for this purpose placed his head into the hole, which was barely large enough to admit it, and as he elevated his heels the weight of his body wedged his head into the hole, in such a manner that extraction was doubtful. The doctor found the little fellow with his heels up, sustained in that position by the arms of a sister, while there was a great rush of blood to the head. A blow sufficient to break the stone would have caused a concussion of the brain that would have destroyed the child's life. The doctor raised the stone on its edge, relieving the head from the skull of blood, and by the movement of the skull within the scalp first in front and then in rear, pushing the scalp through, after some fifteen minutes relieved the little fellow with some rough graining of the skin.—*Springfield News.*

CATS AND GARDENS.—Every lover of flowers knows that a "hell in a china-shop" is not more out of place, than a cat in a garden, yet it is not generally known that there is one plant at least which cannot be grown except in the absence of the feline race. The plant is Nemophila, and it has been frequently noticed that before the seed has been a week in the ground, all the cats in the neighborhood will come and roll themselves in the place where it is sown; and although it has no smell, they will single it out from among a score of batches of other seeds. To fairly test the matter, some Nemophila was sown in a large vase which stood alone in the center of a plot of grass, and long before the seed appeared above the ground, three or four cats were frequently noticed at once rolling on the top of the vase. What is the reason of this curious fancy of the cat?—*Notes and Queries.*

IN A TIGHT PLACE.—We have heard of many "tight" places, but the one in which a little fellow found himself last Saturday beats them all. Dr. Dunlap was called in great haste last Saturday, and when he arrived at the place, he found a little boy with his head jammed into a hole cut in a large stone for a cistern pump. The little fellow had conceived the idea of standing on his head, and for this purpose placed his head into the hole, which was barely large enough to admit it, and as he elevated his heels the weight of his body wedged his head into the hole, in such a manner that extraction was doubtful. The doctor found the little fellow with his heels up, sustained in that position by the arms of a sister, while there was a great rush of blood to the head. A blow sufficient to break the stone would have caused a concussion of the brain that would have destroyed the child's life. The doctor raised the stone on its edge, relieving the head from the skull of blood, and by the movement of the skull within the scalp first in front and then in rear, pushing the scalp through, after some fifteen minutes relieved the little fellow with some rough graining of the skin.—*Springfield News.*

CATS AND GARDENS.—Every lover of flowers knows that a "hell in a china-shop" is not more out of place, than a cat in a garden, yet it is not generally known that there is one plant at least which cannot be grown except in the absence of the feline race. The plant is Nemophila, and it has been frequently noticed that before the seed has been a week in the ground, all the cats in the neighborhood will come and roll themselves in the place where it is sown; and although it has no smell, they will single it out from among a score of batches of other seeds. To fairly test the matter, some Nemophila was sown in a large vase which stood alone in the center of a plot of grass, and long before the seed appeared above the ground, three or four cats were frequently noticed at once rolling on the top of the vase. What is the reason of this curious fancy of the cat?—*Notes and Queries.*

IN A TIGHT PLACE.—We have heard of many "tight" places, but the one in which a little fellow found himself last Saturday beats them all. Dr. Dunlap was called in great haste last Saturday, and when he arrived at the place, he found a little boy with his head jammed into a hole cut in a large stone for a cistern pump. The little fellow had conceived the idea of standing on his head, and for this purpose placed his head into the hole, which was barely large enough to admit it, and as he elevated his heels the weight of his body wedged his head into the hole, in such a manner that extraction was doubtful. The doctor found the little fellow with his heels up, sustained in that

THE WEEPER.

"The sword annually drenches the shadow"—*John*.

"The moon is past, and yet the weeds are thick,
And the fierce August sun pours on me burn-
ingly.
Oh, God!" she said, "send that shadow
quick,
Which I desire so yearningly."

"For me the heat and burden of the day,
And a stern master who doth show no leni-
ty;
For him rich pleasures stretch far away,
With groves of cool serenity."

"Above his meadows, into golden air,
The rounded knoll uplifts its green protu-
rance,
The rippling harvest waves and toss their hair,
In golden-tressed exuberance."

"There are cool woodlands in whose dusk ar-
ades
The very noonday seems of twilight emulous;
No heat wine there, but, in the silent glades,
The silent dews hang tremulous."

"There the tall tulip crests the glorious scene,
The stately monarch of those sylvan palaces,
And its strong arms, like priests in forest green,
Lift up their golden chalices."

"Through the thick leaves the tempered sun
beams sift,
And pleasant shades are o'er the award distri-
buted;
There worms may crawl, there thistle-down may
drift,
And I—I am prohibited."

"I fast with toil, yet keep my faith to all,
Though none save God regardeth me other-
vantly
Father!" she cried, "when will that shadow
fall,
For which I pine so fervently?"

Then came a shadow, but 'twas icy cold,
As of some swart, dread angel o'er her hover-
ing;
It wreathed around her with voluminous fold,
And wrapped her in its covering.

Chill though it was, she hailed it with a smile;
And, worn by years and grief and long in-
firmity,
Lay down beneath it, slept a little while,
And awakened in eternity.

REFORMS IN THE FRENCH ARMY.

We copy the following article from the Illustrated London News, under the above title—

THE UNIFORM.

The Zouave breeches, the leathern leggings reaching a little above the white linen gaiter, have been universally adopted for the infantry soldier. About the convenience of this there can be no more question than about the smartness of it. It does away with braces, which are no small inconvenience to the heavily laden soldier; it enables the soldier to lie down and sleep without being obliged to go through all kinds of processes, or get up next morning more tired than ever. The tight leggings is a support to the leg and to the gaiter. I suppose the white gaiter will be now entirely substituted for the leathern one. This is an experience which has been learnt from the Zouaves, who never wear, even in the muddiest weather, their leathern gaiters, and scarcely ever are known to foot-sore, which is frequently the case with leathern gaiters. The old tunic has likewise changed, but in an opposite direction. It has taken the shape of the short tunic of the Chasseurs à Pied de la Garde. This change was necessary on account of the first; it is decidedly smarter, rather less convenient; but as tunics are put aside in campaigning, and the great coat is adopted, this does not matter.

THE RIFLE.

Another more important change is the universal adoption of the rifle. This is since the Italian war, in which only the Imperial Guard and a certain number of regiments had it. I cannot say whether it is of the same pattern as then used, but the arm seems to me shorter and more handy. Sights are abolished, with the exception of the rifles of the Chasseurs, who keep their old weapon as it was. The explanation is, that only troops d'élite will use sights with discrimination, and that one can scarcely rely on 350,000 men proving so; besides which it is maintained that the great mass of soldiers will learn better to use their weapons by practice, like sportsmen, at different distances, without going through the double process of first judging the distances, and then adjusting the sights, which, above all, under the fire of the enemy requires considerable sangfroid. Certainly, hitherto sights have not proved themselves practically of much worth, but this is no reason for giving up an improvement before it is proved to be unattainable.

THE NEW FORMATION.

It changes the very formation, which was hitherto the basis of all evolutions. It was three deep, and has become two deep now. Which of the two is the better was long controverted, the adversaries of the former arguing the necessity of the third rank as an element of solidity, while the supporters of the second insisted on the uselessness of the third rank for firing, its exposure to the fire of the enemy, and the benefit which might be derived from its being used for the prolongation of the line. The English and Swiss armies were the only ones who adopted the latter view, and lately the Prussians.

MORE OLD SOLDIERS.

Had the French army remained unchanged in its composition, it would have been probably long before the formation two deep would have been adopted. But a great modification has been taking place gradually in this respect. Up to 1848, it was very rare to find soldiers re-enlisting after having served their time; now great numbers do it, so that the proportion of old soldiers is growing at a great rate. The reason is the advantages offered which did not exist before. First, the

price of a complacent, has been raised to 2,000 francs; the term of service entitling the soldier to a pension has been lowered to twenty-five years; the pension itself has been almost doubled. Considering, besides, that every year's campaigning counts for two years' service, and that almost every steady soldier arrives after a long service to the rank of non-commissioned officer, or at least gets the medaille, which gives a pension of 100 francs, the soldier has a chance, after less than twenty years of service, to retire with a competence of 600 francs a year. Besides this, there is the Imperial Guard, which likewise offers a chance of bettering the soldier's position. The formation now introduced in the line of battle is almost identical with that in the English and Swiss armies, the leading line being to supply the third rank by the "serenities," formed of officers and sergeants. This, together with the distribution of the rest of the non-commissioned officers on the flanks of the section, keeps the whole together.

MOVEMENTS.

It would be of little interest to your readers to go into details as far as the manoeuvring goes; the general character of it may be described as simplifying and accelerating every movement, weeding out considerably all complicated movements, which are never possible on the battle-field, and trusting more to the developed intelligence of the men and the steadiness of the guides than to the dead accuracy of each individual man. Slow step is altogether done away with the pas ordinaire being fixed at 77 to the minute, double quick at 110 in a minute; besides which the pas gymnastique of the Chasseurs has been introduced in the line, wisely meeting a want which showed itself every moment. Formerly to get quicker into place the soldier took to irregular running, now this running has been regulated. Indeed, the chief improvement in the new evolutions is the adaptation of many things which were already in use with the Chasseurs à Pied. According to the old regulations, light infantry exercise and skirmishing was properly the duty of the light infantry regiments, and later, when these were done away with, of the flank companies. The others, although now and then put through the movements, were scarcely regularly instructed; hence in most cases the soldier had to do as best he could. Now almost the identical movements in square by the Chasseurs à Pied have been introduced as part of the education of each individual soldier—nay, it forms a prominent part of it. The formation by fours is the basis of it for all movements. The group has the name of compagnons d'armes, destined, as they are, to act together. Minute regulations are laid down, for instance, for resisting cavalry attacks in groups, but everywhere these are expressly laid down as rules for general guidance. The old complicated formation of squares, likewise an offshoot of the idea of increased solidity, has been entirely changed, and the simple square adopted, with a reserve in the centre to strengthen where an occasion presents itself.

THE CAVALRY.

Recent efforts have been made to improve the French cavalry. Individual excellence is even a more intellible condition for cavalry than for modern infantry, and this is difficult to obtain in a country almost without good saddle horses, and with a people having little taste for riding. As for saddle and bridle, they have greatly improved both of them very much on the English model. One might object to some heaviness still, but in campaigning, where the same care cannot be taken as in the stable, a pound or two more weight saves many a sore back. Formerly, as soon as a man who had never before sat on horseback could somehow or other manage to keep in the saddle while trotting he was immediately practised in evolutions. The result was, that all he could do never went beyond keeping, by means of hand and feet, in the saddle—and that was all. Now this individual practice in single files, in all paces, forms the most prominent part of the exercise. The stirrup has been somewhat shortened, so as to let the man sit down comfortably; he has thus the chance of keeping in his seat without the assistance of the bridle, and can use his hands to handle sword and lance, both of which he is taught to adapt to the movement of the horse. A new kind of puppet heads has been put up on the practice ground, and these rise again by a spring when they are struck by lance or sword. Barriers, too, are to accustom the horse and man to leaping.

All these are, if you like, old things, but practised as they now are they give a very different result. Both men and horses of the lancers, who have gone regularly through this practice for the last two months, have acquired an agility which they never before possessed, and which has had no small effect on the evolutions themselves. All these latter are in fact trot and gallop, and go through their evolutions with a precision which is quite new in the French cavalry. These individual exercises, which have been introduced in the whole cavalry, were above all applied in the camp to form rapidly an extended line of battle by brigades or even divisions of cavalry—that is, 1,000 to 2,000 horsemen charging in a line—an element which, if judiciously applied, might turn many a contested battle. Hitherto successive lines of smaller extent, placed behind each other on column, was the more favorite mode of attacking. Besides this the lancers are in charges on four corners, which is even more calculated to perfect individual excellence.

LIGHT AND HEAVY CAVALRY.

Light and heavy cavalry both are in the humdrum way. The tallest and handsomest men are chosen for the purpose, instead of studying to have the lightest, wiriest, and those who have at least a idea of a horse, however slight that may be. After the Bal-

lava charge, and after the experience in Algeria, one might surmise have abandoned the illusion that it is the tall, powerful men who deliver the formidable blows. It is the impetus of the horse, and the good rider who knows how to combine his blows with the impetus of the horse, which are formidable. The good English swordsmen, by the fine men on the tall, spirited horses, could rarely cut through a Russian great-coat, and the Chasseurs d'Afrique had to be armed with an almost straight sword for thrusting, because they could not cut through an Arab burnous, while a young Turkish cavalry soldier, on a bad pony, severs a head, and a slightly made Sikh irregular will do the same.

As for small, wiry men, there is no want here; but I suppose a French cavalry colonel, like those of many other countries, would scout the idea of stunting his regiment. As for finding riders to make cavalry soldiers of, it is more difficult, but more might have been done in this respect too. But the first thing is to get rid of the overweight, which oppresses heavy and light cavalry equally. It is very rarely that any one learns riding after he has attained his full growth; the legs will no longer adapt themselves, besides which the real care and affection which the cavalry soldier ought to have for his horse are the result of early habit.

NAPOLEON'S COAT OF MAIL.

Just before Napoleon set out for Belgium (before the battle of Waterloo) he sent for the cleverest artisan of his class in Paris, and demanded of him whether he would engage to make a coat of mail to be worn under the ordinary dress, which should be absolutely bullet-proof, and that, if so, he might name his own price for such a work. The man engaged to make the desired object, if allowed proper time, and he named 18,000 francs (4700 as the price of it). The bargain was concluded, and in due time the work was produced, and the artisan was honored with a second audience of the Emperor. "Now," said his imperial Majesty, "put it on." The man did so. "As I am to stake my life on its efficacy, you will, I suppose, have no objection to do the same?" and he took a brace of pistols, and prepared to discharge one at the breast of the astonished artist. There was no retreating, however, and, half dead with fear, he stood the fire; and, to the infinite credit of his work, with perfect impunity. But the Emperor was not content with one trial. He fired the second pistol at the back of the artist, and afterwards discharged a fowling-piece at another part of him with similar effect. "Well," said the Emperor, "you have produced a capital work, undoubtedly. What is to be the price of it?" Eighteen thousand francs were named as the agreed sum. "There is an order for them," said the Emperor, "and there is another for an equal sum, for the frigate I have given you."—*London Advertiser.*

PASQUINADES.

The following pasquinade appeared during the occupation of Rome by the French in 1810:

Marforio—Is it true, Pasquin, that all the French are robbers?

Pasquin—Not all of them, but a good part—*(Buona parte)*.

Early in the present pontificate, when the Pope returned to Rome, after an excursion to Bologna and Loretto, Pasquin's statue displayed these three lines:

Pio non

Justo e buono

Mastai.

Mastai was the Pope's name before his election. He was Count Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti. Hence the pun which gave point to the inscription, its sense being—"Plus IX, you are just and good, but you halt on the way (*ma stai*)."

On a subsequent occasion of the same kind, Pasquin exhibited a placard containing only these three figures—610. Six hundred and ten, or in Italian, *sei cento dieci*, what could that mean? Everybody hastened to Marforio (the other statue) for the solution of the enigma, and found it in the words *Sette zero*, "Thou art a cypher." Name the figures separately and you have 6—set, 1—zero, 0—zero. Now set is a word of double meaning; it may stand either for "six" or "thou art," and thus 610 may signify "Thou art a cypher."

INTELLIGENCE OF THE LAKE.—A pair of larks had built their nest in a grass field, where they hatched a brood of young. Very soon after the young birds were out of their nests, the owner of the field was forced to set the mowers to work, the state of the weather forcing him to cut his grass sooner than usual. As the laborers approached the nest, the parent birds seemed to take alarm, and at last the mother laid herself flat upon the ground, with outspread wings and tail, while the male bird took one of her young out of the nest, and by dint of pushing and pulling, got it on its mother's back. She then flew away with her young one over the fields, and soon returned for another. This time, the father took his turn to carry one of the offspring, being assisted by his mother in getting it firmly on his back, and in this manner they carried off the whole brood before the mowers had reached their nest.—*Wood's Natural History.*

PROUD OF AN INFIRMITY.—Some people are proud of being all head and no heart. There is no flummery about them. It is stern, severe sense and principle. Well, my friends, say I to such, you are (in a moral sense) deficient of a member. Fancy a mortal hopping through creation, and boasting that he was born with only one leg! Or even if you have a little of the kindly element, but very little when compared with the logical, you have not much to boast of. Your case is analogous to that of the man who has two legs indeed, but one of them a great deal larger than the other.—*Recreations of a Country Parson.*

A HIGHLAND LEGEND.

Once upon a time, in Barr Glen, on a wild winter's night, a farmer and his family and servants were comfortably seated around a peat fire, when the wind was howling terribly around the house, and the drifting snow was clogging up the doorways. The farmer knew that his son and the servant maid were much attached to each other, but he would not consent to their marriage. While they were all sitting round the fire on that winter's night, he thought of a plan by which the servant-maid should be got rid of; so he said that, if before the next day, she would bring him a skull that was in Saddle church, she should have his son for a husband. The girl's love was so strong for the young man that she joyfully agreed to the proposal, although it was quite seven miles to Saddle, and the road thereto lay over Belin-an-Tuirc. She knew the road well, and all its dangers and difficulties even by daylight, which would now be immensely increased by the darkness of the night, the fierce wind and driving snow, and the slippery rocks and swollen torrents. But she did not shrink from the danger, and at once made ready and went on her way. The farmer took good care that she went alone, and that his son did not follow her. The brave girl went over hill and glen, battling with the snow-storm, and tracking her path with the greatest difficulty. She passed safely over the southern side of Belin-an-Tuirc, and by midnight reached Saddle church. Its door was open, burst open, perhaps, by the violence of the wind. She knew the place where the skull was kept, and she groped toward it in the dark. As she did so she heard a great and peculiar noise, made up, as it seemed, of loud moans. There was a trampling of light feet over the pavement, and she heard forms rush past her; then a moment's silence, succeeded by more mysterious moans and sounds. Terrified, but not disheartened, the brave girl kept her purpose steadily in view; and groping toward the skull, seized it with both hands, and made for the church door. The trampling of feet and the moans continued, and the forms pursued her. Grasping the skull she gained the door, and pulled it to after her. As she did so she heard a rush against it; but she turned and fled. By daylight she had regained her lover's home, and, half dead with fatigue and excitement, placed the skull in the farmer's hands, and claimed the fulfillment of his promise. The farmer was taken aback by seeing the girl, having hoped that she would have perished amid the snow and wilds. He would not believe that she had really been to Saddle, and taken the skull from the church on such a night; so he at once set out to Saddle with some of his men, expecting to be able to disprove the girl's tale, by finding the skull still in its place in the church. When they got there, and had opened the church-door, they found within the building—not the skull, but a number of wild deer, who, having found the door open, had sought shelter from the violence of the storm. The girl told him of the sounds she had heard within the church. Here was their cause; and much as he wished it otherwise, yet it was impossible for him to disbelieve her tale. There was nothing for him to do but to yield with the best grace he might. He gave his consent to the match, and to make assurance doubly sure, the lover took his brave girl to Saddle church the very next day, where she replaced the skull in its old position, and they were married off-hand. And as some of the deer that had frightened her had been killed and cooked, they had a hearty wedding and plenty of good venison at the feast that followed.—*Glencorran, or a Highland Home in Cantire, by Culbert Bole.*

ON GUARD.

At midnight, on my lonely beat,
When shadows wrap the wood and lea,
A vision seems my view to greet
Of one at home that prays for me.

No roses blow upon her cheek—
Her form is not a lover's dream—
But on her face, so fair and meek,
A host of halcyon beauties gleam.

For softly shines her silver hair,
A patient smile is on her face,
And the mild lustrous light of prayer
Around her sheds a moon-like grace.

She prays for one that's far away—
The soldier in his holy fight—
And begs that Heaven in mercy may
Protect her boy and bless the fight!

Till, though the leagues lie far between,
This silent vision of her heart
Steals o'er my soul with breath serene,
And we no longer are apart.

So guarding thus my lonely beat,
By shadowy wood and haunted lea,
That vision seems my view to greet
Of her at home who prays for me.

TEA.

The same plant produces all the varieties. The different times of gathering, and modes of preparation, cause all the difference between these kinds known by so many distinct names—both of green and black. The leaves only are picked, and not the flower; they are all rolled with the fingers. Those dried rapidly in iron basins over a fire become green tea, while those thrown into very hot budina, then taken quickly out, exposed to the sun for a while, and afterwards dried over a fire, become black tea.

These plants, as some writers call them, but more correctly, bowls or basins, for they are nearly semi-globular in shape and about eighteen inches in diameter, are always of iron, never of copper. A mixture of Prussian blue and gypsum is used in the preparation of some green teas, but the better qualities are generally perfectly pure. The native building on the North Gate street in which we lived during the first year

of our residence at Shanghai, was rented, after we left, to a tea merchant. On visiting it afterward I found he had turned our former kitchen into a tea-coloring room. There were around the sides of the apartment fourteen of these iron bowls, set in the mortar on the top of as many brick furnaces, in which moderate fires were burning. Thirteen of the bowls were half filled with tea leaves, and a man stood at each, rapidly stirring them with his hand.

The remaining bowl contained a quantity of this bluish-green coloring matter, which another was also stirring. To this one, the men from the other would come every few minutes, and taking from it a small quantity of the contents, would return and stir, each into his bowl of the leaves till they had required the requisite hue. The exceedingly minute quantity of Prussian blue that any person could imbibe in drinking tea from the leaves thus prepared, precludes, in my opinion, the possibility of injury resulting therefrom.

The significations of some of the names by which teas are known, are as follows, making due allowance for the changes and corruption they undergo in form and sound in being anglicized. *Pu-chong* means before the rain or flourishing spring, that is, early in the spring. Hence it is often called Young Hyson. *Hyson skin* is composed of the refuse of the other kinds, the native term for which means tea-skin.

Refuse of a still coarser description, containing many stems, is called tea bones. *Be-lao* is the name of the hills in the region where it is collected. *Pekoe* or *Pecoo* means white hairs, the down on the tender leaves. *Pu-chong*, folded plant. *Souchong*, small plant. *Twan-kay* is the name of a stream in the province whence it is brought. *Cungo* is from a term signifying labor, from the care required in its preparation.—*Taylor's China.*

WASHINGTON AND THE CORPORAL.

Some of our volunteer officers show their untidiness to command by keeping aloof from their men, instead of setting them the example of manliness in toil and endurance. The following incident is in point:—

During the American Revolution, it is said, the commander of a little squad was giving orders to those under him, relative to a log of timber which they were endeavoring to raise up to the top of some military works they were repairing. The timber went up with difficulty, and on this account the voice of the little man was often heard, in regular vociferations of—

"Heave away! there she goes! heave ho!"

An officer, not in military costume, was passing, and asked the commander why he did not take hold and render a little aid. The latter, astonished, turning round with all the pomp of an Emperor, said—

"Sir, I am a corporal!"

"You are, are you?" replied the officer, "I was not aware of that;" and taking off his hat and bowing, the officer said, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal," and then dismounted, and lifted till the sweat stood in drops on his forehead.

When the work was finished, turning to the commander, he said—

"Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send for your Commander-in-Chief, and I will come and help you a second time."

The Corporal was thunderstruck. It was Washington who thus addressed him!

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S POINTER.—Sir Walter Scott declared that he could believe anything of dogs. He was very fond of them, studied their idiosyncrasies closely, wrote voluminously in their praise, and told many stories of their unaccountable habits. Once, he said, he desired an old pointer of great experience, a prodigious favorite, and steady in the field as a rock, to accompany his friend Daniel Terry, the actor, then on a visit at Abbotsford, and who, for the nonce, valed himself a sportsman on a sporting excursion. The dog wagged his tail in token of pleased obedience, and shook out his ears, led the way with a confident air, and began ranging about with the most scientific precision. Suddenly he pointed, up sprang a numerous covey. Terry, bent on slaughter, fired both barrels at once, aiming in the centre of the enemy, and missed. The dog turned round in utter astonishment, wondering who could be behind him, and looked Terry full in the face; but, after a pause, shook himself again, and went to work as before. A second steady point, a second fusillade and no effects. The dog then deliberately wheeled about and trotted home at leisure, leaving the disappointed sportsman to point for himself during the remainder of the day. Sir Walter was fond of repeating the anecdote, and always declared that it was literally true, while Terry never said more in contradiction than that "it was a good story."

ANTIQUITY OF THE PIG.—The pig is the existing representative of a very ancient race of mammals which lived and died upon this earth long before there were Christians to devour, or Jews to abhor their flesh. The same species of wild boar that was hunted by our forefathers was contemporary with the mammoth, cave-bear, and the long-haired rhinoceros. Some persons imagine that geology deals only with fossil shells or fishes; but there is a vast deal of interest attached to the geological history of the predecessors and representatives of our domestic animals. We know that the wild ancestor of our domestic pig was in existence before the separation of England from the Continent of Europe; and that the hunter, had hunters then lived, might have chased the bear through forests the site of which is now occupied by the wastes of the English Channel. Mammoths, tigers, and rhinoceroses perished, but the wild boar lived, and lives still on the Continent of Europe, though extinct here.—*Old Bones.*

ENGAGING SERVANTS IN ENGLAND.

A correspondent of the London Times, who describes himself as "an easy-going young man, who thinks a pennyworth of comfort cheap at three-halfpence, and am not, therefore, extreme to mark what is done amiss," writes an amusing communication upon the habits and manners of servants in London. It would appear that even English servants are by no means perfect. We quote a few paragraphs.

WHY THEY LEFT.

Sometimes, I admit, I must be to blame, as on a late occasion, when a groom left me without assigning any reason. I afterward understood that he told his successor that "the place was well enough, but master was so plaguy dull in the buggy he couldn't stand it." It is painful for me thus to own that I am not always up to the intellectual exigencies of the position, yet, notwithstanding this drawback, my servants, as a rule, remain with me longer than with my neighbors.

AN ADVERTISING BUTLER.

I selected the most promising advertisements in your columns, and wrote to appoint the advertisers to meet me in town. The first that called was a butler. He was a man of some personal appearance, which he evidently thought it his first duty to cultivate. On being ushered into the room, he said he had "embraced the earliest opportunity of obeying my summons." I perceived at once, like Agag, he must be approached delicately, and should have felt some hesitation how to catechise so refined a personage, but that I soon found the question was not whether I should engage him, but whether he would engage me. Did he pay the bills? Had he the entire charge of the cellar, or was there a *sacrum sanctum* of which I alone kept the key? My answers were not satisfactory. Had I a groom of the chambers? No. In such case he concluded I had a valet? I supposed his scrutiny of my dress had not encouraged any exaggerated notion of the value of my "caurie," for, on my replying that the butler was the only man out of livery, and officiated as my valet, I saw I was a doomed man. For form's sake, however, he kindly consented to give me one more trial, and inquired whether, under these circumstances, it would be expected of him to bring in tea and coffee after dinner. I told him that I regretted that such would be the case, and he must, indeed, be prepared for any emergency. That I did not think it likely I should ever ask him to make the fourth in a quadrille, but that he would in my house be expected to do everything he was told—except feed the pigs. "That," said I, mildly, "I do myself." On looking up to see the effect of my last observation, he was disappearing in the doorway.

A FEMALE APPLICANT.

The next applicant was a cook and house-keeper. She was pleased slightly to touch on her autobiography, just sufficient to inform me that she had "always lived in the best of families," and then, like the butler, proceeded to ascertain whether I should suit her. Her first question, also, was—Did she pay the bills? Did I come to town every year? When in the country did the farm supply the house, and did I kill one sheep or two per week? When in town, did I have "hampers of fruit and vegetables up regular which was mostly very ill-convenient?"—When my examination was at an end, I said—"Mrs. Jones, you were only three months at your last place, nine at the previous one, eleven at the one before that. It seems to me these were rather short periods." "Oh," said she, "they were such dooses of misaise; but in course your lady is a real lady, and keeps herself to herself."

BAD STATE OF AFFAIRS.

The whole system of service as at present understood in England, is rotten at the core. "All play and pay" is the cry, and "mast meals five times a day, and port and sherry kitchen wine," the only maxim of the servants' hall. Apropos of these five meals, I am satisfied there must be some seriously digestive property in plush, else how is it that "Jeames," having breakfasted at half-past eight, and being about to dine at one, requires a luncheon at eleven? How is it that having dined at one, if you order the carriage at two to drive to a neighbor a mile off, he is invariably asked whether he will have anything as invariably answers, "Well, don't care if I do," and straightway disappears into the servants' hall to browse upon buffalo, and drink any number of horns of ale? You or I could not so overtax our digestive organs. I saw a boy running wild at a plough, clothe him in livery, and at the end of a week ask him to pump; he will tell you it is not his place. He is no hewer of wood or drawer of water. When the governess comes back from her short holiday, will Jeanes de la Pluche condescend to take up her little bonnet box, which weighs a few ounces? Certainly not. It is really time some remedy were applied, or we shall soon be worse off than the emigrant on his way to the backwoods, who, on seeing his loaded wagon standing out in the rain, suggested to his newly engaged "help" that it had better be drawn under shelter, and received for answer, "Well, I guess it had oughter, leastways I should put it in if it was mine."

WHAT PRIDE DOES FOR US.—We have always admired the shrewdness of that diviner who, on announcing a collection, insisted that nobody should put a penny in the purse who could not fully pay up his debts. Of course nobody could be induced to withhold a liberal contribution, for, such is human pride, most men would rather beggar themselves by ostentatious charity than confess to a poverty which might subject them to the humiliation of being pitied. Pride is a very expensive luxury. How comfortably could all but the poorest live, had they less of it! And yet, without it, what would sustain them in their hours of tribulation?

A BRIEF HISTORY.
IN THREE PARTS, WITH A SEQUEL.

PART I.—LOVE.

A glance—a thought—a blow—
It stings him to the core.
A question—will it lay him low?
Or will time heal it o'er?

He kindles at the name—
He sits and thinks apart;
Time blows and blows it to a flame
Burning within his heart.

He loves it though it burns,
And nurses it with care;
He feels the blissful pain by turns
With hope and with despair.

PART II.—COURTSHIP.

Sonnets and serenades,
Sighs, glances, tears and vows,
Gifts, tokens, souvenirs, parades,
And courtesies and bows.

A purpose and a prayer:
The stars are in the sky—
He wonders how 'e'en Hope should dare
To let him aim so high!

Still Hope allures and flatters,
And Doubt just makes him bold;
And so, with passion all in tatters,
The trembling tale is told.

Apologies and blushes,
Soft looks, averted eyes,
Each heart into the other rushes,
Each yields and wins a prize.

PART III.—MARRIAGE.

A gathering of fond friends,
Brief, solemn words, and prayer—
A trembling to the fingers' ends,
As hand in hand they swear.

Sweet cake, sweet wine, sweet kisses,
And so the deed is done;
Now for life's woes and blisses,
The wedded two are one.

And down the shining stream
They launch their buoyant skiff,
Bliss'd, if they may but trust Hope's dream,
But ah! Truth echoes "If!"

THE SEQUEL—"IF."

If health be firm—if friends be true—
If self be well controlled—
If tastes be pure—if wants be few
And not too often told—

If reason always rules the heart—
If passion own its way—
If love, for aye, to life imparts
The zest it does to-day—

If Providence, with parent care,
Meets out the varying lot—
While meek contentment bows to share
The palace or the cot—

And, oh! If Faith, sublime and clear,
The spirit upward guide—
Then blessed, indeed, and blessed fore'er,
The bridegroom and the bride.

MR. BUBB.

Any one who has ever visited Cheke Mallow will agree with me that it is eminently genteel. Its gentility is, in fact, its chief characteristic—the one point that serves to distinguish it from the half-dozen other ordinary watering-places that dot the same line of coast within a distance of thirty miles. For Cheke Mallow not only welcomes to its boarding-houses a migratory host of fashionable visitors during the summer and autumn months, but it can also boast of a number of "highly genteel" and even aristocratic families, who for sundry reasons—health of body and health of pocket, chiefly—make it their permanent residence. As a natural consequence, society in Cheke Mallow is somewhat exclusive, and must know a great deal about you, and that to your advantage, before making you free of its mysteries. "No common people admitted," is the unspoken, but perfectly understood rule, among the denizens of Cheke Mallow; proof of breeding or proof of wealth you must give, if you do not wish to be taboed; show proof of both, and you may be worshipped.

But even in this marine paradise there is a small but necessary substratum of common people—tradesmen, shop-keepers, and such like—people who cannot be dispensed with; and, lower than these, what may be termed the primary stratum—fishermen and laborers with their wives and families, who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows and the strength of their arms; but both these classes, primary and secondary, are politely ignored by the "genteel" world of Cheke Mallow, and as this is a "highly genteel" narrative, we will adopt the same method.

I need hardly say that Cheke Mallow has not, as yet, been invaded by a railway. The nearest station is ten miles away, to which fact the exclusive character of the place may, perhaps, be in some measure attributed; for the facilities afforded by a railway would doubtless be more or less fatal to its gentility. But if rather behind the age in this respect, it is not wanting in most of the other blessings of civilization. It contains several hotels, large in size and dear in charge; it has two terraces of boarding-houses facing the sea, all situated in the most elegant style; it has numerous pony-chaises, tame hacks, and phaetons, and any quality of fashionable millinery on the backs of its young ladies.

Such being the place, and such the people, anyone but partially acquainted with Mr. Bubb might naturally have wondered why, of all men in the world, should have chosen Cheke Mallow for his permanent residence. He came down from London, it was supposed; and after staying for a week at one of the hotels, took, for a term of seven years, that small but comfortable family mansion, commonly called "The White House,"

We have several times alluded to the principal features of the Pneumatic Dispatch for the conveyance of letters and parcels—which is now being tested in London, as depicted in the accompanying engraving. The chief feature of the invention consists in propelling a train of carriages through a tube by the creation of a vacuum before them; the tube being in fact, the cylinder, and the carriages the piston. A piece of ground adjoining the Victoria Railway Bridge at Battersea, has been selected for testing the project. Here upward of a quarter of a mile of the tubing has been laid down; various irregular curves and gradients being introduced to show that hills and valleys would not prevent the effective working of the system. The apparatus certainly works well. With an exhaustion varying from seven inches to eleven

together with the plot of garden-ground pertaining thereto. Ten days afterwards a quantity of second-hand furniture arrived from the nearest market-town, evidently the product of a broker's shop; for such a diverse and incongruous assortment of articles could hardly have been picked up nowhere else; and the White House soon put on a habitable appearance.

It had stood empty for a considerable time, for, though situated in the better part of the town, it was too small, and too ordinary looking, for the needs of a genteel family. Mr. Bubb, having engaged a housekeeper—a woman, old, taciturn, and partially deaf—proceeded at once to occupy his new home. He was a complete stranger in Cheke Mallow; none of the inhabitants had ever seen him before. He was a thin, active wiry man, apparently about sixty years old, with a hard, dry face, and a quiet, self-composed manner. He was a man of few words, seldom speaking unless first addressed, and never seeming to trouble himself with anyone's affairs but his own. He dressed, summer and winter, in a suit of brown cloth that never seemed to require renewing, or to become worse for wear; he was not particular as to the quality of his hat, and his shoes were more roomy than elegant. His tastes quickly developed themselves in his new home. He was fond of flowers in general, and of hollyhocks in particular, as his garden testified every summer after his arrival at Cheke Mallow. He was addicted to fishing, and a favorable morning seldom passed without seeing him saunter forth with rod and basket. He had a predilection for tobacco, and would sit for hours on summer evenings in his little arbor, blowing the fragrant weed, while calmly contemplating the growth of his flowers, or busy in the manufacture of artificial flies. His literary requirements were generally satisfied by a perusal of the "Times," purchased at half-price from the nearest hotel two days after date; though he had a small stock of books besides, as a resource for rainy weather. Mr. Bubb had evidently no fixed occupation, but might, with propriety, be termed a gentleman living on his means. It was noticed at the post-office—but that was after he became famous—that he never received above three or four letters a year, and those evidently of a business character; it was further observed that twice every year, at Midsummer and Christmas, he received from London a hamper of wine.

Such was the individual who invaded Cheke Mallow, and there sat down to spend the evening of his days. He might have lived there for a century without being known beyond the narrow circle of tradespeople with whom he dealt, but for one little circumstance to which I shall presently allude.

As he seemed to be a man utterly without pretension, as he urged neither wealth nor breeding in his favor—and by breeding I, of course, mean proof of good family—he remained utterly unknown to, and unheeded by, the polite and fashionable world that frequented close before his eyes. Not that he was a man to worry himself about such a trifling matter; summer and winter he went on fishing, growing enormous hollyhocks, and smoking his meerschaum; and if the world quietly

ignored the existence of such an individual as David Bubb, that gentleman could afford to, and did, as a matter of course, reciprocate the compliment.

In the third year of his residence at Cheke Mallow, Mr. Bubb was taken ill. He caught cold one day while fishing, and an attack of influenza was the result. Mr. Bubb had medical advice at once; the advice, indeed, of no less a person than Jabez Flotsam, Esq., M.D., the fashionable practitioner of Cheke Mallow. The attack was not a very severe one, and the great Flotsam, who had not been for some years back in the habit of entering houses so small and meanly appointed as that of Mr. Bubb, rather pooh-poohed the whole affair, and wondered internally why that lesser luminary, Brimley, had not been called in, instead of himself—the lofty Flotsam.

Mr. Bubb had turned the corner of his illness, and was rapidly progressing towards perfect health. Doctor Flotsam had just looked in to pay his final visit. Mr. Bubb sat in his arm chair, rubbing his hands, and gazing in a weak, shivering way at the fire. "Doctor, I think I ought to make my will," said Mr. Bubb, interrogatively.

THE NEW MODE OF SENDING LETTERS AND PARCELS.

inches of water, or from four ounces to six ounces per square inch, the speed is about twenty-five miles an hour. The tube through which the dispatch trucks are drawn is not circular in form, but of a section resembling that of an ordinary railway tunnel; the internal height being two feet nine inches, the width at the springing of the arch (the top being semi-circular) two feet six inches, and at the springing of the invert (for the tube has a segmental bottom) two feet four inches. The tube is of cast iron, in nine feet lengths, each weighing about one ton, and fitted into each other with an ordinary socket joint, packed with lead. Within the tube, and at the lower angles on either side, are cast raised ledges, two inches wide on the top, and one inch high, answering the purpose of rails for the wheels of the despatch trucks to run upon. The latter are made of a framing se-

ven or eight feet long, inclosed in sheet iron, and having four flanged wheels, twenty inches in diameter each. The whole truck is so made that its external form, in cross section, conforms to that of the tube, although it does not fit it closely, an intervening space of an inch or so being left all around. Some light india rubber flanges or rings are applied at each end of the truck, but even these do not actually fit the inner surface of the tube, a slight "windage" being left around the whole truck. There is, therefore, no friction beyond that of the wheels; and the leakage of air, under a pressure of four or five ounces per square inch, amounts to but little. The air is exhausted, from near one end of the tube, by means of an exhausting apparatus, from which the air is discharged by centrifugal force. Some idea of this apparatus, which is very simple, may be found by comparing it to an ordinary

exhausting fan. It is the intention of the company, now that they have obtained Parliamentary powers for opening the streets to lay down their tubes, to establish a line between St. Martin's-le-Grand and one of the district post-offices, and ultimately to extend their system throughout the metropolis, so as to connect the railway stations and public offices.

Some successful experiments were made on Tuesday. One trip was made in sixty seconds, and a second in fifty-five seconds, the distance being a quarter of a mile. Two gentlemen occupied the carriages during the first trip. They lay on their backs on mattresses, with horse-cloths for coverings, and appeared to be perfectly satisfied with their journey. It is calculated that the carriages will eventually move through the tubes at the rate of from thirty to forty miles an hour.

Now, Mrs. Taddington held bi-weekly meetings at Chintz Lodge, to which the most influential ladies in Cheke Mallow were always invited, for the purpose of making dandelion garments for the negroes of South Africa; and at one of these meetings the Bubb question was ventilated. A few words from some of the leading ladies; Mrs. Taddington's summing up; the general verdict of the company—and the thing was settled. Mr. Bubb was henceforth to be free of the mysteries of Cheke Mallow; to hold the golden key of the Eleusinia of fashion; to be admitted within that charmed circle, where, if anywhere, it must be happiness to dwell, since so many people waste their lives in vain strivings to break through its invisible barriers.

It was old Lady Castor, widow of General Castor, that put the question to the meeting. Who was it that first heard Mr. Bubb was a rich man? Nobody could answer the question, but every one was aware that Mr. Bubb was enormously wealthy; the intelligence had passed like a whisper through Cheke Mallow; but who was the first to utter it, nobody knew.

"It was quite providential," the Honorable Mrs. Taddington remarked, "that they had learnt in time. There was an old proverb which said, 'Better late than never,' and they must all do their best, in the present instance, to make up for their past neglect."

Mr. Bubb, meanwhile, having recovered from his illness, resumed his old course of life; and, unconscious of his growing popularity, might be seen any day busily employed, either fishing or gardening. The old brown suit, and the dilapidated hat, still did duty as of yore; though on the two occasions when invited out to dine with Messrs. Flotsam and Jettam, he so far yielded to the etiquette of society as to exume from the depths of his wardrobe an ancient swallow-tailed blue coat with bright buttons, rather white at the seams, which, judging from the folds and creases it displayed, and the general mouldiness of its appearance, had lain untouched for several years. Mr. Bubb was quiet and rather reserved during dinner, but perfectly well bred; but after the bottle had passed round two or three times, he partially thawed, and came out with a few dry, satirical stories, which did not, however, meet with that enthusiastic reception from the company which might, perhaps, have greeted them six months afterwards.

Of course it was entirely by accident that, shortly afterwards, the Honorable Mrs. Taddington, her two fair daughters, and their friend Mrs. Parafine, found themselves in Mr. Bubb's little parlour, talking to the old gentleman as freely and sagely as though they had known him for twenty years. The four ladies had been out for a walk, when a slight shower happening to come on, they had been driven to take shelter under a large tree that grew just outside Mr. Bubb's garden gate. Mr. Bubb, perceiving them from the window, had, as a matter of course, invited them in—an invitation which they did not accept without numerous apologies. Once under the roof, however, Mrs. Taddington's tact, and gaiety of manner, quickly put them all at their ease. Thus by a clever coup de main the

citadel itself was taken by storm. Mrs. T. to be sure, might have obtained an introduction to Mr. Bubb in the ordinary way of such things, but that would have been rather too hum-drum for her; she preferred something with a dash of the romantic in it. Mr. Bubb hastily slipped his pipe into a drawer, and brought out some wine and biscuits. But Miss Julia, dear girl, could not touch the wine. She had a bad headache. Perhaps a cup of tea would do her good, and she must have one as soon as she reached home.

"Tea!" burst out Mr. Bubb. "If a cup of tea will do you good, you shall have one in ten minutes. I flatter myself that I am somewhat of a connoisseur in tea; let me try my hand at brewing you a cup. Would they not all take a cup at the same time?"

After a polite show of resistance they yielded to Mr. Bubb's entreaties on one condition, which was, that as their host's housekeeper was from home, they should get the meal ready themselves. No sooner said than done. Miss Georgina set about arranging the tea tray, while Mrs. Taddington herself put on one of the housekeeper's clean aprons, and set to work to cut a plate of thin bread and butter. Mrs. Parafine was not behind the others, I assure you. She went into the garden, and cut a dish of cress and lettuce, which, after washing it with her own fair hands, she produced green, crisp, and dripping at the table. Mr. Bubb's face all this time was a study, such a half-puzzled, half-amused air rested on it.

How merry they were over that tea! and how they all enjoyed themselves! After it was over, Miss Julia having recovered from her headache, she and her sister sang a few simple ballads, Mr. Bubb having previously declared his fondness for old-fashioned music. After this, it was time to go; so they put on their bonnets, and bade their host farewell in such a flutter of gratification and thanks, that the old gentleman was almost overwhelmed. No sooner, however, was the garden gate closed behind his visitors than Mr. Bubb exhumed his pipe, and while charging it with tobacco, relieved his feelings by giving vent to a sly, quiet chuckle of intense enjoyment.

Next day, Mrs. Taddington, accompanied by her husband, called on Mr. Bubb to thank him for his hospitality, and to request the honor of his company, at an early date, to dinner at Chintz Lodge. Mr. Bubb promised them the coveted honor.

"That was the best glass of wine I've tasted these ten years," remarked Mr. Taddington to his wife during their return. "I don't think Lord Rufus could produce one equal to it."

"A conclusive proof, my dear, if such were needed, that Mr. Bubb is a gentleman," remarked his sage lady.

After this, the title of Mr. Bubb's popularity set in deep and strong. The Taddingtons took him by the hand and passed him round to their friends; and Cheke Mallow, to do it justice, endeavored to atone for its previous apathy by the warmth of its present enthusiasm and adulation. Who so popular in the little watering place as Mr. Bubb soon became? Like a newly-discovered nugget, he was handed round from one to another, gazed at, commented upon (behind his back), admired, flattered, and estimated at far more than his actual value. He was persuaded to show some specimens of hollyhocks at the annual floral meeting, and of course carried away a prize. He was constituted perpetual chairman of the Bluebonnet Club, which met once a week at the Imperial Hotel,—the most exclusive club in Cheke Mallow,—where his dry, quaint stories were always listened to with the utmost respect and attention, though told for the twentieth time.

The Honorable Mrs. Taddington, writing to a friend in London, thus expressed herself on the subject of Mr. Bubb:

"That dear old Mr. Bubb is still with us, and is a frequent visitor at Chintz Lodge, where he is a good deal petted, you may be sure. The girls and I sometimes call upon him at his place. It is well to be as friendly as possible with such a man. What an eccentric old creature it is! Fancy a person of his enormous wealth living in a little study six-roomed house, the furniture in which is hardly worth fifty pounds! But, after all, his motive is a laudable one, for he is understood to be living in this poor way in order that his nephew, who is at present in India, may have as large a fortune as possible after his—Mr. Bubb's—decease. I have once or twice thrown out a few hints respecting this nephew, but the subject is a delicate one, and as the old gentleman is rather reserved on the point, I have not been able to gather much information. This much, however, I have learnt,—that Mr. Bubb, junior, is young and unmarried, both interesting facts to the mother of two girls, the younger of whom is old enough to play at ring-dance with her birthdays. Whether anything worth while will ever turn up out of this Bubb affair, it is impossible at present to judge. *Miss Georgina is there. Meanwhile, I retain the card in my hand.*"

Mr. Bubb comforted himself under his load of honors with the calmness and equanimity of a judge. He held his course unmoved and unchanged; and seemed, if anything, rather to look down on his new friends, never seeking their company, but when in it, giving vent now and then to a few bitter truths, which from any other man would have been resented as impertinences; but coming from an individual of his weight and standing, were accepted as so many proofs of eccentricity and gentlemanly cynicism. He still maintained unaltered his simple, almost sordid mode of life,—scarcely in one possessed of such vast wealth. His fishing-rod and rake were in his hands as much as ever; indeed, he found more use for the former now that he had the free range of so many trout streams, the property of some of his wealthy neighbors. He seldom refused invitations into society; and though he never gave return invitations, which would have been simply absurd in one who lived in so small a house, yet it was well understood that any one was

hale and hearty as ever, and make your will so much waste paper for ever so many years to come."

Mr. Bubb was duly waited upon by Mr. Jettam. The will was drawn up, signed, and witnessed; and then delivered into the custody of the lawyer. Mr. Bubb had asked Dr. Flotsam to act as one of his executors; and the doctor, after making a few half-and-half excuses, which Mr. Bubb easily overruled, allowed himself to be so appointed. A Mr. Pylus of Piccadilly, London, was named by Mr. Bubb as the other executor; and the will was duly witnessed by Mr. Jettam's clerk, and Mr. Bubb's deaf, old house-keeper.

The week following this transaction, Mr. Jettam having a small dinner-party, sent an invitation to Mr. Bubb, which that gentleman accepted. A fortnight later, Dr. Flotsam also had a dinner-party, at which Mr. Bubb was a welcome guest.

The world of Cheke Mallow felt itself a little scandalized at finding a person so unknown to fame as Mr. Bubb invited to its bosom; and but that Messrs. Flotsam and Jettam possessed its full and complete confidence, would have felt inclined to rebel, and to give, politely but decisively, the cold shoulder to a person of no pretensions, such as they considered Mr. Bubb to be. One or two gentlemen, in fact, did whisper to their neighbors, "Who is this Mr. Bubb? Never met the fellow before." His greatness had not at that time dawned upon them.

But, not long after this, there emanated, no one knew whence, nobody knew how—for Messrs. Flotsam and Jettam were discreet gentlemen, both—"a report that Mr. Bubb was a man of property; a wealthy man; a man who owned a large estate in Yorkshire; who was a considerable holder of mining and railway shares; a man with a heavy balance at his bankers. That there was a certain nephew, at present in India, who was heir to the whole of this property; that the fact of Mr. Bubb keeping up such a small, not to say shabby, establishment was to be considered merely as the whim of an old man tired, probably, of the bustle and *rebat* always attendant on wealth; and desirous of passing the evening of his days in the peaceful pursuit of those simple hobbies to which he was addicted. Cheke Mallow was electrified; the breath, figuratively speaking, was knocked out of it; it stood aghast. What! to think that there had resided, under its very nose, as one may say, and for three whole years, unknown to everybody, unheeded by the visitations of good society, uncharmed by the fascinations of fashion, a man who was now understood to be fabulously rich; a man, old and eccentric, it is true, but with a young and marriageable nephew for his successor, who in time might also settle in Cheke Mallow! Mammon and Cupid, what an oversight! It was terrible to think of. Something must be done, and that immediately, to repair such a fearful omission. Yes, from that day forth Mr. Bubb should be the pet and idol of all the ladies, young and old, in Cheke Mallow.

Such was the decision of the Honorable Mrs. Taddington, first cousin to Mrs. Flotsam.

at liberty to call upon him, and take a chop, or a grilled trout, and a glass of wine, in a quiet, homely way. Such callers were always made welcome, and Mr. Bubbs, on such occasions, could always produce a bottle of wine, or a dozen bottles, if required, of a vintage so rare that the cellars of the great Lord Rufus could have produced but few dozens equal to it. Indeed, wine might be termed the sole expensive luxury in which Mr. Bubbs indulged himself and his friends.

"When will Mr. Bubbs's nephew make his appearance?" often asked Georgina Teddington of her mamma; but that sage lady could only reply:

"Wait a while, dear. He can't be long now."

There were other young ladies, too, in Cheke Mallow who echoed the same question, and longed for the advent of the wealthy young heir.

When, one wet November morning, it was whispered through Cheke Mallow—and it was a whisper that ran like wildfire—that Mr. Bubbs was dead; that he had departed suddenly, and without warning, in the night; an unwelcome flutter of interest and curiosity stirred the breast of every individual in the little watering place. At such a stagnant period of the year it was really pleasant to have such a wide field opened out for speculation and gossip; and Mr. Bubbs could not have pleased the community better than by dying at such a season.

Mr. Jetsam was immediately summoned; and came, bearing with him a paper which Mr. Bubbs had intrusted to his care some six months previously, and which was endorsed, "To be opened immediately after my death." In the presence of Dr. Flotsam, the paper was in due form opened, and was found to contain a simple deed of gift, conveying over the whole of Mr. Bubbs's household furniture to his dear old housekeeper, as a token of his good will, and of the estimation in which he held her services. There were also some directions with regard to his funeral, which he desired might be as plain and simple as possible; and the document wound up by requesting Mr. Jetsam to look in the book, case for a copy of "Cotton's translation of Montaigne's Essays," among the leaves of which would be found certain bank notes, sufficient in amount to pay all expenses.

"A striking proof," observed Mr. Jetsam, solemnly, when he had finished reading the document, "of that eccentricity which was such a characteristic of our dear departed friend."

After the funeral, which was attended by representatives of some of the best families in Cheke Mallow, was over, Mr. Jetsam proceeded, in the presence of Dr. Flotsam, and of some three or four other gentlemen, particular friends of the deceased, to open and read the will, which Mr. Bubbs had never looked at after the day on which it was drawn up. Mr. Jetsam remarked that he had written to Mr. Pybus of London, the other executor, but had that morning received his note back through the Deed Letter office, with the remark upon it, "Cannot be found." That, under these circumstances, he thought it would be advisable to read the will at once, but to defer taking any action on it until he had succeeded in discovering the present residence of Mr. Pybus. Mr. Jetsam knew, all present knew, that Mr. Richard Bubbs of the H. E. I. Company's Service was appointed sole heir, but Mr. Jetsam had as yet taken no steps to find out in what part of India Mr. R. Bubbs was then stationed, expecting to find among the papers of the deceased some letter or memorandum containing his full address. So Mr. Jetsam read the will to the company assembled, which—not to enter into legal phraseology—declared Richard Bubbs, the well-beloved nephew of the testator, to be sole heir to his estate, real and personal; consisting, firstly, of a large farm, known as Chuckstone Farm, in the West Riding of Yorkshire; secondly, of a smaller farm in Suffolk, duly specified by name; thirdly, of twenty thousand pounds in railway shares; fourthly, of a terrace of houses in Bermondsey, London; and, lastly, of five thousand pounds in the Three per Cents, together with whatever balance there might be at his bankers, to the credit of deceased, at the time of his death. Two small legacies of a hundred guineas to each of his executors were the sole claims which the heir was called upon to pay out of this handsome property. The examination of Mr. Bubbs's papers was next proceeded with, which papers Mr. Jetsam supposed to be all contained in a certain old-fashioned secretary, as he had not been able to find any in any other place. This desk Mr. Jetsam had sealed up a few hours after Mr. Bubbs's death, without examining its contents, and it was now publicly opened. Strange to say, however, it did not contain a single letter, memorandum, or account, with the exception of a few butchers' bills, and some receipts for rent. There was a blotting pad well marked, which showed that Mr. Bubbs had sometimes used his pen; and plenty of paper and envelopes, but positively nothing more.

Dr. Flotsam looked rather blankly at Mr. Jetsam, and that gentleman returned the gaze with interest. There was nothing for it but to dissolve the meeting, and to request Mr. Jetsam to lose no time in ascertaining the address of the heir, and of the other executor, and to put himself into immediate communication with those gentlemen.

At the end of a week Mr. Jetsam returned from London, and met the same party of gentlemen by appointment at the house of Dr. Flotsam. He came in, looking very blank and dismayed indeed. A few words told all. He had been up to London to make inquiries, but could not find any such name as that of Richard Bubbs on the books of the East India Company; neither could he trace any such person as Mr. Pybus; and as a last resource he had been obliged to advertise for both individuals in the "Times." He reported further, that he had referred to a Yorkshire directory, but could not find any such estate as

Chuckstone mentioned therein; that he could not discover that any estate in Suffolk had been owned by Mr. Bubbs; that there was no such terrace in the parish of Bermondsey as the one named in the will; and, finally, that Glyn and Company never had an account opened with Mr. Bubbs.

Mr. Jetsam concluded his fearful narrative by saying, in a solemn tone:

"Gentlemen, it is my humble opinion that we have been made the victims of a tremendous hoax."

But Dr. Flotsam and Mr. Teddington would not see anything of the kind; it was too terrible for belief; they would go up to London themselves, and inquire into the facts of the case. They went, made inquiries, and returned at the end of four days, sadder but wiser men.

Cheke Mallow had a mild fit of insanity when the news was whispered in its ear. After its recovery, which was a matter of some time, it fought shy of the subject altogether; disliked to hear even the faintest allusion to it; and made its circle more exclusive than ever. There are some, including poor Dr. Flotsam, who still profess to believe in the advent of Mr. Richard Bubbs, and that everything will yet be made right. There may be a grain of reason in such a belief; more unlikely things have happened before now. It is not for us to judge the case; but if the reader has any thoughts of visiting Cheke Mallow during the next bathing season, we strongly advise him or her not to mention Mr. Bubbs's name while there, but to ignore the subject altogether.

Some six months ago, a cousin of Mrs. Flotsam, who is secretary to an assurance society in London, was visiting at Cheke Mallow. Mrs. F. mentioned the subject in confidence to him.

"Mr. David Bubbs," said the secretary, musingly. "Surely I remember the name. If I recollect rightly, he was down in our books for an annuity of two hundred a year, expiring at death. The fellow had been a traveller, or agent, or something of that kind for a house in the wine and spirit trade. I am not aware that he had any income beyond his annuity. But your Mr. Bubbs might be a different man, you know."

There the enigma rests.

Lord Palmerston and the Station Master.

An English correspondent is responsible for the following somewhat improbable story:—"At one of the chief stations on the Great Western Railway is a station master noted for conceit and funkyness. One day he despatched a gentleman pacing the platform with a cigar in his mouth. Mr. — at once accented the offender, and requested him forthwith to stop smoking. The gentleman took no notice of his command, but continued his walk, emitting a silvery cloud. Mr. — repeated his behests more peremptorily than before; but still the owner of the Havana maintained a provoking disregard. A third time the order was repeated, accompanied with the threat that if the obstinate sinner did not obey, he would be handed over to the tender mercies of the porters. The stranger took no more heed than before; and so at last Mr. — pulled the cigar out of the smoker's mouth and threw it away. This violent act produced no more effect than commands and threats, and the peripatetic philosopher continued his walk quite serenely. Presently a carriage drove up—an equipage well known to Mr. — as that of the Duke of Beaufort. To his inconceivable horror the refractory smoker entered the said chariot, and drove off to Badminton. Mr. — asked in tremulous tones, who the stranger was, and he felt ready to sink into the earth when he heard that it was Viscount Palmerston. He at once ordered a chase and pair, and drove off to Badminton. Arrived there, he sent in his card, and urgently requested a private interview with Lord Palmerston. His Lordship soon appeared, when Mr. — began a most abject apology for having "so grossly insulted his Lordship," had he known who his Lordship was he would not have so treated his Lordship for the world. The Premier heard the station-master out; then looking down upon him sternly, and with his hands in his pockets, said, "Sir, I respected you because I thought you were doing your duty like a Briton; but now I see you are nothing but a snob." And thus ended the station-master's interview with the Premier.

FRIENDS TELL DEATH.—Commodore Billings in his account of his expedition to the northern coasts of Russia, says that when he and Mr. Mann were on the river Rehma, they were attended by a young man from Kanoga, an island between Kamchatka and North America. One day Mr. Mann asked him—"What will the savages do to me if I fall into their power?" "Sir," said the youth, "you will never fall into their power if I remain with you. I always carry a sharp knife; and if I see you pursued and unable to escape, I will plunge my knife into your heart; then the savages can do nothing more to you." These recall the words of the French knight reported by Joinville: "Swear to me," said Queen Margaret, "that if the Saracens become masters of Damietta, you will cut off my head before they can take me." "Willingly," replied the knight, "I had already thought of doing so, should the contingency arrive."

THE HEAVENS ARE A PRINT from the pen of God's perfection; the world is a bud from the bower of His beauty; the sun is a spark from the light of His wisdom; and the sky is a bubble on the sea of His power.

PARIS.—The returns of the late census show the population of Paris to be 1,700,000 people.

MANY public men consider themselves the pillars of the state, who are more properly the caterpillars of the state, reaching their high position only by crawling.

The Disaster to the Great Eastern.

The following account of the disaster to the Great Eastern comes by the latest arrival from Liverpool:

The Great Eastern left her moorings in the River Mersey at 11 o'clock on Tuesday, the 10th of September. The pilot left her at 4 o'clock. Immediately putting on full speed, all went well with her until 4 o'clock on Thursday, when, a strong breeze prevailing on the port side of one of the forward boats on the port side became unhooked, leaving it suspended by one tackle. The captain endeavored to steady the ship while this was rectified, but found, to his surprise, that the ship would not answer the helm. The fact was, though it was not known at the time, the rudder-pin was broken. The fore-stay was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous gale was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chase of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furnishings, services of plate, glass, and china—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured,

46 THEY GO RIGHT TO THE SPOT.

INFLUENZA, BRISLES! BEWARE YOUR COUGH!
 PREPARE YOUR BREATH!
 STRENGTHEN YOUR VOICE!
SPALDING'S
THROAT CONFECTIONS,
 ARE
 GOOD FOR CLERGYMEN,
 GOOD FOR LECTURERS,
 GOOD FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS,
 GOOD FOR SINGERS,
 GOOD FOR CONSUMPTIVES,
 GENTLE NEW CURE
SPALDING'S THROAT CONFECTIONS.
 LADIES ARE DELIGHTED WITH
SPALDING'S THROAT CONFECTIONS.
 CHILDREN CRY FOR
SPALDING'S THROAT CONFECTIONS.
 They relieve a Cough instantly.
 They clear the Throat.
 They give strength and volume to the Voice.
 They impart a delicious aroma to the Breath.
 They are delightful to the Taste.
 They are made of simple herbs and cannot
 harm any one.
 I advise every one who has a Cough or a Hoarse
 Voice or a Bad Breath, or any difficulty of the
 throat, to get a package of my Throat Confe-
 ctions, they will relieve you instantly, and you
 will agree with me that "they go right to the
 spot." You will find them very useful and plea-
 sant while travelling or attending public meet-
 ings for stilling your Cough or allaying your
 throat. If you try one package I am safe in say-
 ing that you will ever afterwards consider them
 indispensable. You will find them at the Drug-
 gists and Dealers in Medicines.
PRICE, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.
 My signature is on each package. All others
 are counterfeit.
 A Package will be sent by mail, prepaid, on
 receipt of Thirty Cents.
 Address,
HENRY C. SPALDING,
NO. 48 CEDAR STREET, NEW YORK.
CEPHALIC PILLS,
 CURE
 SICK HEADACHE;
 CURE
 NERVOUS HEADACHE;
 CURE
 ALL KINDS
 OF
 HEADACHE.
 By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of
 Nervous or Sick Headache may be prevented, and
 taken at the commencement of an attack im-
 mediate relief from pain and sickness will be ob-
 tained.
 They seldom fail in removing the Nausea and
 Headache to which females are so subject.
 They act gently upon the bowels,—removing
 morbidities.
 For Literary Men, Students, Delicate Females,
 and all persons of sedentary habits, they are valu-
 able as a Laxative, improving the appetite, giving
 tone and vigor to the digestive organs, and resto-
 ring the natural elasticity and strength of the
 whole system.
 The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long
 investigation and carefully conducted experi-
 ments, having been in use many years, during
 which time they have prevented and relieved a
 great amount of pain and suffering from Head-
 ache, whether originating in the nervous system
 from a deranged state of the stomach.
 They are entirely vegetable in their composi-
 tion, and may be taken at all times with perfect
 safety, without making any change of diet, and
 absence of any disagreeable taste renders it very
 palatable for children.
BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!
 The genuine have the signatures of Henry C.
 Spalding on each Box.
 Sold by Druggists and all other Dealers in Medi-
 cines.
 A Box will be sent by mail prepaid on receipt
 of the
PRICE, 25 CENTS.
 All orders should be addressed to
HENRY C. SPALDING,
48 Cedar Street, New York.
 A single bottle of SPALDING'S PREPARED
 GLUE will save ten times its cost annually.
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
 SAVE THE PIECES!
 ECONOMY! DISPATCH!
 "A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE."
 As accidents will happen, even in well regulated
 offices, it is very desirable to have some cheap
 convenient way for repairing Furniture, Toys,
 Crockery, &c.
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE
 cures all such emergencies, and no household can-
 do without it. It is always ready, and
 to the sticking point.
 "USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE."
 A Brush accompanies each Bottle.
 Price, 25 cents.
 Address, **HENRY C. SPALDING,**
No. 48 CEDAR STREET, NEW YORK.
CAUTION.
 As certain unprincipled persons are attempting
 to pass off on the unsuspecting public, imitations
 of my PREPARED GLUE, I would caution all
 persons to examine before purchasing, and see
 the full name,
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
 on the outside wrapper, all others are swind-
 ler's counterfeit.
 nov17-ly

Wit and Humor.

HOW HE GOT USED TO IT.

Somewhere in our neighborhood lives a farmer of such social habits, that his coming home intoxicated was once no unusual thing. His wife urged him in vain to sign the pledge.

"Why, you see," he would say, "I'll sign it off awhile, but I don't like to break right off at once, it ain't wholesome. The best way is to get used to a thing by degrees, you know."

"Very well, old man," his helpmeet would rejoice, "see now if you don't fall into a hole one of these days, where you can't take care of yourself, and nobody near to help you out."

Sure enough, as if to verify the prophecy, he returned home drunk one day, he fell into a shallow well, and after a great deal of useless scrambling, he shouted for the "light of his eyes" to come up and help him out.

"Didn't I tell you so?" said the good soul showing her esp. fill over the edge of the parapet, "you've got into a hole at last, and it's only lucky I'm in hearing, or you might have drowned. Well," she continued, after a pause, letting down the bucket, "take hold. And up he came, higher at each turn of the windlass, until the old lady's grasp slipping from the handle, down he went to the bottom again. This occurring more than once made the temporary occupant of the well suspicious.

"Look here," he screamed, in a fury, at the last splash, "you're doing that on purpose—I know you are."

"Well, now, I am," responded his wife, tranquilly, while winding him up once more. "Don't you remember telling me it's best to get used to things by degrees? I'm afraid if I bring you right up of a sudden, you wouldn't find it wholesome."

The old fellow couldn't help chuckling at the application of his principle, and protested he would sign the pledge on that instant, if she would lift him fairly out. This she did, and packed him off to sign the pledge, wet as he was. "For you see," she added, very emphatically, "if you ever fall into the ditch again, I'll leave you that—I will."

He knew she was a woman of her word, and he didn't return to her loving arms until the pledge was signed.

SLIGHT MISAPPROPRIATION.—The propriety of selecting officers of the same nationality to command troops who do not fully understand our language, is fairly illustrated in the case of a German belonging to one of our regiments, who had been detailed to guard duty.

"Sentinel," said the officer of the day, "your duty at this place is to salute all officers according to their rank, to keep fire from approaching the magazine, and in case the enemy appears, you are to discharge your musket and run to the camp. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Lieutenant," replied the worthy German.

It appeared, a little later, on being questioned, that he understood he had been instructed "to shoot all officers of rank, and then set fire to the magazine; and, if he saw an enemy, to run away."

HOW TO TREAT REBELS AND RATTLESNAKES.—The best piece of advice upon the tendency observed by the authorities, in reference to rebels found committing depredations, is in the shape of a story, which is told, we believe, by Governor Pierpont. As the story goes, some of the soldiers in General Cox's camp, down in Kanawha, recently caught a large rattlesnake. The snake manifested a most mischievous disposition, snapping and thrusting out its forked tongue at all who came near it. The boys at last got tired of the reptile, and as nobody wanted such a dangerous companion, the question arose "what shall we do with him?" This question was propounded several times, without an answer, when a half-drunken soldier, who was lying near upon his back, rolled over upon his side, and relieved his companion by quietly remarking—"D—n it, I swear him and let him go."

CONCLUSION OF A HARD SHELL SERMON.—"My brethren and sisters! of a man's full of religion you can't hurt him! There was the three Arabian children; they put 'em in a fiery furnace, betted seven times better than it could be hot, and it didn't singe a hair on their heads! And there was John the Evangelist; they put him—and where do you think, brethren and sisters, they put him? Well, they put him into a caldron of oil! And there was Daniel; they put him into a lion's den—and what, my fellow travellers and respected auditors, do you think he was put into a lion's den for? Why, for prayin' three times a day. Don't be alarmed, brethren and sisters; I don't think any of you will ever get into a lion's den!"

On a wet, miserable, foggy London day, Charles Lamb was accosted by a beggar woman with, "Pray, sir, bestow a little charity upon a poor destitute widow woman who is almost perishing for lack of food. Believe me, sir, I have seen better days." "So have I," said Lamb, handing the poor creature a shilling, "so have I; it's a miserable day—Good-bye."

A "wooden wedding" recently occurred at Great Barrington, at the residence of William Stanley, on which occasion silver and gold displays succumbed to the pressure of hard times, and every wooden thing that could be whittled or carved out figured as a chief portion of the presents.

"You are an Irishman," said a fellow travelling to his neighbor. "Well, sir, I am no more responsible for having been born an Irishman than you are for having been born an ass."

A PASSPORT FOR A PARROT.

One of the Paris papers tells the following curious story in regard to those solemn nodules who watch over the medieval darkness of Rome—

"A French gentleman, M——, was travelling in Italy two years since, accompanied by his wife, who carried with her a pet parrot. On coming to the frontier of the Roman States an official demanded their passports, and, after asking them what they were going to do at Rome, &c., he copied the parrot."

"Ah! you have a parrot, I see. Does it talk?"

"Of course it does."

"What does it say?"

"What does that signify?"

"Sir," said the official, sternly, "this is no joking matter. Parrots sometimes use very improper language—seditious words, even."

"Interrogate the bird, then," was the answer.

"The officials accordingly endeavored to make it speak, but not a word could it utter, perhaps because it was fatigued, or did not understand Italian. At last the head official said—

"Well, there is only one way of arranging this business; you must write down the phrases your parrot can say, and declare on your own responsibility that it can say nothing else. That done I will give you a pass for it."

"There was no alternative, so the gentleman made the declaration required, and went his way. M—— related this story to a numerous auditory, and at the same time he showed the parrot's pass to those who wished to see that singular document, which cost him a scudo (one dollar)."

CAN YOU BELIEVE YOUR EYES?

If a person were placed at the Equator on the 21st of March or September, he would see the sun directly overhead. If another person, on the same day, and at the same hour, were placed near the North Pole, he would see the sun south of him; while a third party, at the same instant, if placed in southern latitudes, would see the sun north of him. Now, if each of these persons were to hold telegraphic communication with each other, what a contradiction might follow! While the sun's actual position would remain the same, it would seem to each observer to be in a different quarter of the heavens than that in which it was reported to be by his correspondents. How easy it would be for these individuals to impugn each other's veracity—one declaring that the sun was overhead, the second insisting that it was near the horizon, and the third stoutly asserting that it was in neither place, but about halfway between the horizon and the zenith. If not more enlightened than a great majority of disputants, the only way in which they could arrive at the truth would be, to appoint a place of meeting on some middle ground, with the dire intent of exterminating each other as liars, but where they would find that all their differences had given place to still other appearances in the position of the sun. These facts of natural philosophy, in showing how an object may be viewed differently from different points, and still in every respect remain unchanged, should warn every one against being narrow minded in matters of credence.

TREATMENT OF CHILDREN.—True wisdom bids parents keep their children at proper seasons in the background, in constant subjection, in obedience to an unceasing discipline. They should be limited in the number of direct pleasures and treats accorded to them, kept mostly at home, forced into regularity and insignificance. No sight is prettier or more pleasant than to watch the children of a sensible mother. It is charming to see a troop of girls in simple dresses, headed by their governess, range themselves in orderly fashion at the luncheon table, under the eyes of a vigilant mamma. These girls are worth talking to when they are young, and worth marrying when they grow up.

Children love discipline. They like to be guided, controlled and silenced. They enjoy being forced to think of none but childish things. It is only foolish or indolent people who plead that this cannot be done without harshness, and without erecting a barrier between the child and the parent. Children find out instinctively when tenderness is real, and cling to a parent who they know loves them, however strict may be the control exercised over them. It is a policy as shortsighted as it is mischievous to pander to the morbid desire for a premature independence, in order to win the gratitude of the child who is misdirected. Strict discipline, childish pleasures, exclusion of children from conversation on domestic difficulties, and moderate but solid intellectual teachings are the great elements of a good home education.

BEAUTY OF THE SEA.—There is a charm in the sea. The freedom there is in its sweep, the grandeur there is in its billows, the music there is in its roar; its round horizon beaded with white foam, red with the wine of morning light; the ruby sun, that descends into its waters and dissolves; the ship, so like a bird, that spreads its white wings and skirts the sea-encircled world; the wild tale of strange lands and strange adventures; the gems and gold that strew its caves; the coral groves touched with eternal sunset; the bubbles that have broken upon its surface and released the parting souls; all these have shrouded the sea with a mysterious charm.

And then to think that the sea is the cemetery of the world, that an angel's voice shall summon it, and it shall surrender its dead to air and light again; that the lower half of heaven is hidden like a jeweled cup in its bosom; and the ever-going sun had worn no path hence, and the long caravan of ages left no footprints as it went.

The footlights of the new opera house in Paris are so perfectly constructed, that a pocket handkerchief may be thrown upon them, and the gas in full blaze cannot ignite it.



SCENE IN FORT LAFAYETTE.

REBEL PRISONER.—Orderly, what island is that off there?

ORDERLY.—Gibbet island, sir.

REBEL.—Ah! I don't think the prospect is as fine as that from Sumter.

—Vanity Fair.

THE MIND AS A DOCTOR.—The celebrated Sydenham tells a good story which illustrates the *modus operandi* of watering places. He had a troublesome and obstinate case of dyspepsia, brought on by idleness and intemperance; he told his noble patient that he could do no more for him, and that Dr. Robinson of Inverness was the only man that could cure him. Off the patient posted with letters of introduction and a detailed statement of his case from his metropolitan physician. On arriving at Inverness he could not learn that there was any Dr. Robinson there, or ever had been since the creation of the world. Back he travels, burning with indignation, meditating plans of hostilities against Sydenham. On his arrival he rushed into the Doctor's presence, vowing vengeance. "Well," replies Sydenham, "are you better?" "Yes, quite well; but no thanks to you." "But thanks to Dr. Robinson," answered Sydenham. "I sent you on a journey with an interesting object in view both ways—contemplating a cure going out, and thrashing me coming in."

AN EXPLANATION.—Some able and excellent men are never able to adapt their phrases to the comprehension of children. A man of this class, a learned theological professor, was once engaged to address a Sunday school. He read a number of verses from the Bible, and then said: "Children, I intend to give you a summary of the truth taught in this portion of the Scripture." Here the pastor touched him, and suggested that he had better explain to the children what "summary" meant. So he turned around and said to the children: "Your pastor wants me to explain what summary means, and I will do so. Well, children, summary is an abbreviated synopsis of a thing."

M. Bouchet, of Paris, has reported to the Academy of Science that all reservoirs of water for supplying cities should be shaded from the rays of the sun, and cleaned out once a month, at least, during summer. Water in reservoirs, exposed to the sun, is liable to ferment in hot weather.

THE DUKE OF ATHOLE'S DAIRY.—It is not a modern show thing—a would-be palace for animals. No, no. It is characterized by airiness, proper temperature, cleanliness and usefulness. Five of M. Kinnef's ventilators pour in the pure air and suck away the foul. The walls are paneled all round, some four feet from the bottom. Each stall holds two cows; and the stalls are divided by low wooden partitions, like small stable trevies, so that the cows do not grind and injure their horns as where stone is used. There is a strap of wood half-way between the panelling in face of the cows and the ceiling, and on the strap is fixed the name, well printed, of each cow, above where she stands; so that a person unaccustomed to cows might think that they went correctly to their places from seeing their names. Each cow has a fixed, square feeding trough, formed of slates; and between the two feeding troughs is a similar drinking trough for both cows. The floor is of Arbroath pavement, which is covered with soft matting on two-thirds forward of the space where the cows stand or lie. The grips, in their whole length, are of perforated iron, so that all liquid drains off to the tank. At each end of the byre is a water tank, near the ceiling, to supply water for the drinking troughs by a direct communication with each, and also to enable the floor to be flushed and made thoroughly clean and sweet. Connected with the byre are places for holding hay, straw, roots, meals and cakes, and also the apparatus for crunching, steaming and otherwise preparing the food, through which and the byre, from end to end, is a continuous railway for conveying the food. All the woodwork is painted with a mixture of asphalt and linseed oil, giving it a fine glossy appearance, and showing distinctly the natural markings of the wood.—*A Renfroshire Dairyman.*

On the second paragraph above quoted, our contemporary remarks as follows:—

"The theory of Van Mons in raising new pears disposes of this. Since the creation of the world, or at least since we have known anything of its vegetation, the wild pears, left to themselves, have continued the same; but under the skill of Van Mons they were altered in five generations from their austere, unchangeable character to the most luscious fruit. Did nature do this, unaided by Van Mons? Shall we then be seriously told that all he did was in choosing which was suited to his wants, and that there is no reason to suppose the progeny, if left to itself, would have 'differed aught' from that it produced under his care? We are not combating the doctrine that plants have the inherent power to change, as we know this to be true, but we do not believe these changes are easily made, and in fact, rarely if ever naturally, for to admit this would admit the power to annihilate species; many of our hybrids being more unlike than many of the so-called distinct species. Under certain circumstances, and these principally include cultivation, they soon show signs of variation, and these variations, taken advantage of by the gardener, go on changing until they are again neglected, when they cease to vary to any extent. What is more common than to see many of our beautiful annuals, as soon as they are left to sow their own seed, degenerate to the original species. Asters, self-sown, in a year or two become single. Pansies of the most beautiful description, self-sown, soon return to the common weedy flowers. No fact is better known to all gardeners than this. This may be one of the 'inherent powers of change,' and it would not require a great exertion 'of skill' to select the best suited to his wants from such a progeny. Such well-known changes with certain flowers and even vegetables are so common, that it at once refutes the idea that 'the tendency of successive progenies is to depart further and further from the original standard, and seldom or never return to it.'"

On the third paragraph above quoted, our contemporary remarks as follows:—

"The theory of Van Mons in raising new pears disposes of this. Since the creation of the world, or at least since we have known anything of its vegetation, the wild pears, left to themselves, have continued the same; but under the skill of Van Mons they were altered in five generations from their austere, unchangeable character to the most luscious fruit. Did nature do this, unaided by Van Mons? Shall we then be seriously told that all he did was in choosing which was suited to his wants, and that there is no reason to suppose the progeny, if left to itself, would have 'differed aught' from that it produced under his care? We are not combating the doctrine that plants have the inherent power to change, as we know this to be true, but we do not believe these changes are easily made, and in fact, rarely if ever naturally, for to admit this would admit the power to annihilate species; many of our hybrids being more unlike than many of the so-called distinct species. Under certain circumstances, and these principally include cultivation, they soon show signs of variation, and these variations, taken advantage of by the gardener, go on changing until they are again neglected, when they cease to vary to any extent. What is more common than to see many of our beautiful annuals, as soon as they are left to sow their own seed, degenerate to the original species. Asters, self-sown, in a year or two become single. Pansies of the most beautiful description, self-sown, soon return to the common weedy flowers. No fact is better known to all gardeners than this. This may be one of the 'inherent powers of change,' and it would not require a great exertion 'of skill' to select the best suited to his wants from such a progeny. Such well-known changes with certain flowers and even vegetables are so common, that it at once refutes the idea that 'the tendency of successive progenies is to depart further and further from the original standard, and seldom or never return to it.'"

On the fourth paragraph above quoted, our contemporary remarks as follows:—

"The theory of Van Mons in raising new pears disposes of this. Since the creation of the world, or at least since we have known anything of its vegetation, the wild pears, left to themselves, have continued the same; but under the skill of Van Mons they were altered in five generations from their austere, unchangeable character to the most luscious fruit. Did nature do this, unaided by Van Mons? Shall we then be seriously told that all he did was in choosing which was suited to his wants, and that there is no reason to suppose the progeny, if left to itself, would have 'differed aught' from that it produced under his care? We are not combating the doctrine that plants have the inherent power to change, as we know this to be true, but we do not believe these changes are easily made, and in fact, rarely if ever naturally, for to admit this would admit the power to annihilate species; many of our hybrids being more unlike than many of the so-called distinct species. Under certain circumstances, and these principally include cultivation, they soon show signs of variation, and these variations, taken advantage of by the gardener, go on changing until they are again neglected, when they cease to vary to any extent. What is more common than to see many of our beautiful annuals, as soon as they are left to sow their own seed, degenerate to the original species. Asters, self-sown, in a year or two become single. Pansies of the most beautiful description, self-sown, soon return to the common weedy flowers. No fact is better known to all gardeners than this. This may be one of the 'inherent powers of change,' and it would not require a great exertion 'of skill' to select the best suited to his wants from such a progeny. Such well-known changes with certain flowers and even vegetables are so common, that it at once refutes the idea that 'the tendency of successive progenies is to depart further and further from the original standard, and seldom or never return to it.'"

On the fifth paragraph above quoted, our contemporary remarks as follows:—

"The theory of Van Mons in raising new pears disposes of this. Since the creation of the world, or at least since we have known anything of its vegetation, the wild pears, left to themselves, have continued the same; but under the skill of Van Mons they were altered in five generations from their austere, unchangeable character to the most luscious fruit. Did nature do this, unaided by Van Mons? Shall we then be seriously told that all he did was in choosing which was suited to his wants, and that there is no reason to suppose the progeny, if left to itself, would have 'differed aught' from that it produced under his care? We are not combating the doctrine that plants have the inherent power to change, as we know this to be true, but we do not believe these changes are easily made, and in fact, rarely if ever naturally, for to admit this would admit the power to annihilate species; many of our hybrids being more unlike than many of the so-called distinct species. Under certain circumstances, and these principally include cultivation, they soon show signs of variation, and these variations, taken advantage of by the gardener, go on changing until they are again neglected, when they cease to vary to any extent. What is more common than to see many of our beautiful annuals, as soon as they are left to sow their own seed, degenerate to the original species. Asters, self-sown, in a year or two become single. Pansies of the most beautiful description, self-sown, soon return to the common weedy flowers. No fact is better known to all gardeners than this. This may be one of the 'inherent powers of change,' and it would not require a great exertion 'of skill' to select the best suited to his wants from such a progeny. Such well-known changes with certain flowers and even vegetables are so common, that it at once refutes the idea that 'the tendency of successive progenies is to depart further and further from the original standard, and seldom or never return to it.'"

On the sixth paragraph above quoted, our contemporary remarks as follows:—

"The theory of Van Mons in raising new pears disposes of this. Since the creation of the world, or at least since we have known anything of its vegetation, the wild pears, left to themselves, have continued the same; but under the skill of Van Mons they were altered in five generations from their austere, unchangeable character to the most luscious fruit. Did nature do this, unaided by Van Mons? Shall we then be seriously told that all he did was in choosing which was suited to his wants, and that there is no reason to suppose the progeny, if left to itself, would have 'differed aught' from that it produced under his care? We are not combating the doctrine that plants have the inherent power to change, as we know this to be true, but we do not believe these changes are easily made, and in fact, rarely if ever naturally, for to admit this would admit the power to annihilate species; many of our hybrids being more unlike than many of the so-called distinct species. Under certain circumstances, and these principally include cultivation, they soon show signs of variation, and these variations, taken advantage of by the gardener, go on changing until they are again neglected, when they cease to vary to any extent. What is more common than to see many of our beautiful annuals, as soon as they are left to sow their own seed, degenerate to the original species. Asters, self-sown, in a year or two become single. Pansies of the most beautiful description, self-sown, soon return to the common weedy flowers. No fact is better known to all gardeners than this. This may be one of the 'inherent powers of change,' and it would not require a great exertion 'of skill' to select the best suited to his wants from such a progeny. Such well-known changes with certain flowers and even vegetables are so common, that it at once refutes the idea that 'the tendency of successive progenies is to depart further and further from the original standard, and seldom or never return to it.'"

On the seventh paragraph above quoted, our contemporary remarks as follows:—

"The theory of Van Mons in raising new pears disposes of this. Since the creation of the world, or at least since we have known anything of its vegetation, the wild pears, left to themselves, have continued the same; but under the skill of Van Mons they were altered in five generations from their austere, unchangeable character to the most luscious fruit. Did nature do this, unaided by Van Mons? Shall we then be seriously told that all he did was in choosing which was suited to his wants, and that there is no reason to suppose the progeny, if left to itself, would have 'differed aught' from that it produced under his care? We are not combating the doctrine that plants have the inherent power to change, as we know this to be true, but we do not believe these changes are easily made, and in fact, rarely if ever naturally, for to admit this would admit the power to annihilate species; many of our hybrids being more unlike than many of the so-called distinct species. Under certain circumstances, and these principally include cultivation, they soon show signs of variation, and these variations, taken advantage of by the gardener, go on changing until they are again neglected, when they cease to vary to any extent. What is more common than to see many of our beautiful annuals, as soon as they are left to sow their own seed, degenerate to the original species. Asters, self-sown, in a year or two become single. Pansies of the most beautiful description, self-sown, soon return to the common weedy flowers. No fact is better known to all gardeners than this. This may be one of the 'inherent powers of change,' and it would not require a great exertion 'of skill' to select the best suited to his wants from such a progeny. Such well-known changes with certain flowers and even vegetables are so common, that it at once refutes the idea that 'the tendency of successive progenies is to depart further and further from the original standard, and seldom or never return to it.'"

On the eighth paragraph above quoted, our contemporary remarks as follows:—

"The theory of Van Mons in raising new pears disposes of this. Since the creation of the world, or at least since we have known anything of its vegetation, the wild pears, left to themselves, have continued the same; but under the skill of Van Mons they were altered in five generations from their austere, unchangeable character to the most luscious fruit. Did nature do this, unaided by Van Mons? Shall we then be seriously told that all he did was in choosing which was suited to his wants, and that there is no reason to suppose the progeny, if left to itself, would have 'differed aught' from that it produced under his care? We are not combating the doctrine that plants have the inherent power to change, as we know this to be true, but we do not believe these changes are easily made, and in fact, rarely if ever naturally, for to admit this would admit the power to annihilate species; many of our hybrids being more unlike than many of the so-called distinct species. Under certain circumstances, and these principally include cultivation, they soon show signs of variation, and these variations, taken advantage of by the gardener, go on changing until they are again neglected, when they cease to vary to any extent. What is more common than to see many of our beautiful annuals, as soon as they are left to sow their own seed, degenerate to the original species. Asters, self-sown, in a year or two become single. Pansies of the most beautiful description, self-sown, soon return to the common weedy flowers. No fact is better known to all gardeners than this. This may be one of the 'inherent powers of change,' and it would not require a great exertion 'of skill' to select the best suited to his wants from such a progeny. Such well-known changes with certain flowers and even vegetables are so common, that it at once refutes the idea that 'the tendency of successive progenies is to depart further and further from the original standard, and seldom or never return to it.'"

On the ninth paragraph above quoted, our contemporary remarks as follows:—

"The theory of Van Mons in raising new pears disposes of this. Since the creation of the world, or at least since we have known anything of its vegetation, the wild pears, left to themselves, have continued the same; but under the skill of Van Mons they were altered in five generations from their austere, unchangeable character to the most luscious fruit. Did nature do this, unaided by Van Mons? Shall we then be seriously told that all he did was in choosing which was suited to his wants, and that there is no reason to suppose the progeny, if left to itself, would have 'differed aught' from that it produced under his care? We are not combating the doctrine that plants have the inherent power to change, as we know this to be true, but we do not believe these changes are easily made, and in fact, rarely if ever naturally, for to admit this would admit the power to annihilate species; many of our hybrids being more unlike than many of the so-called distinct species. Under certain circumstances, and these principally include cultivation, they soon show signs of variation, and these variations, taken advantage of by the gardener, go on changing until they are again neglected, when they cease to vary to any extent. What is more common than to see many of our beautiful annuals, as soon as they are left to sow their own seed, degenerate to the original species. Asters, self-sown, in a year or two become single. Pansies of the most beautiful description, self-sown, soon return to the common weedy flowers. No fact is better known to all gardeners than this. This may be one of the 'inherent powers of change,' and it would not require a great exertion 'of skill' to select the best suited to his wants from such a progeny. Such well-known changes with certain flowers and even vegetables are so common, that it at once refutes the idea that 'the tendency of successive progenies is to depart further and further from the original standard, and seldom or never return to it.'"

On the tenth paragraph above quoted, our contemporary remarks as follows:—

"The theory of Van Mons in raising new pears disposes of this. Since the creation of the world, or at least since we have known anything of its vegetation, the wild pears, left to themselves, have continued the same; but under the skill of Van Mons they were altered in five generations from their austere, unchangeable character to the most luscious fruit. Did nature do this, unaided by Van Mons? Shall we then be seriously told that all he did was in choosing which was suited to his wants, and that there is no reason to suppose the progeny, if left to itself, would have 'differed aught' from that it produced under his care? We are not combating the doctrine that plants have the inherent power to change, as we know this to be true, but we do not believe these changes are easily made, and in fact, rarely if ever naturally, for to admit this would admit the power to annihilate species; many of our hybrids being more unlike than many of the so-called distinct species. Under certain circumstances, and these principally include cultivation, they soon show signs of variation, and these variations, taken advantage of by the gardener, go on changing until they are again neglected, when they cease to vary to any extent. What is more common than to see many of our beautiful annuals, as soon as they are left to sow their own seed, degenerate to the original species. Asters, self-sown, in a year or two become single. Pansies of the most beautiful description, self-sown, soon return to the common weedy flowers. No fact is better known to all gardeners than this. This may be one of the 'inherent powers of change,' and it would not require a great exertion 'of skill' to select the best suited to his wants from such a progeny. Such well-known changes with certain flowers and even vegetables are so common, that it at once refutes the idea that 'the tendency of successive progenies is to depart further and further from the original standard, and seldom or never return to it.'"

On the eleventh paragraph above quoted, our contemporary remarks as follows:—

"The theory of Van Mons in raising new pears disposes of this. Since the creation of the world, or at least since we have known anything of its vegetation, the wild pears, left to themselves, have continued the same; but under the skill of Van Mons they were altered in five generations from their austere, unchangeable character to the most luscious fruit. Did nature do this, unaided by Van Mons? Shall we then be seriously told that all he did was in choosing which was suited to his wants, and that there is no reason to suppose the progeny, if left to itself, would have 'differed aught' from that it produced under his care? We are not combating the doctrine that plants have the inherent power to change, as we know this to be true, but we do not believe these changes are easily made, and in fact, rarely if ever naturally, for to admit this would admit the power to annihilate species; many of our hybrids being more unlike than many of the so-called distinct species. Under certain circumstances, and these principally include cultivation, they soon show signs of variation, and these variations, taken advantage of by the gardener, go on changing until they are again neglected, when they cease to vary to any extent. What is more common than to see many of our beautiful annuals, as soon as they are left to sow their own seed, degenerate to the original species. Asters, self-sown, in a year or two become single. Pansies of the most beautiful description, self-sown, soon return to the common weedy flowers. No fact is better known to all gardeners than this. This may be one of the 'inherent powers of change,' and it would not require a great exertion 'of skill' to select the best suited to his wants from such a progeny. Such well-known changes with certain flowers and even vegetables are so common, that it at once refutes the idea that 'the tendency of successive progenies is to depart further and further from the original standard, and seldom or never return to it.'"

On the twelfth paragraph above quoted, our contemporary remarks as follows:—

"The theory of Van Mons in raising new pears disposes of this. Since the creation of the world, or at least since we have known anything of its vegetation, the wild pears, left to themselves, have continued the same; but under the skill of Van Mons they were altered in five generations from their austere, unchangeable character to the most luscious fruit. Did nature do this, unaided by Van Mons? Shall we then be seriously told that all he did was in choosing which was suited to his wants, and that there is no reason to suppose the progeny, if left to itself, would have 'differed aught' from that it produced under his care? We are not combating the doctrine that plants have the inherent power to change, as we know this to be true, but we do not believe these changes are easily made, and in fact, rarely if ever naturally, for to admit this would admit the power to annihilate species; many of our hybrids being more unlike than many of the so-called distinct species. Under certain circumstances, and these principally include cultivation, they soon show signs of variation, and these variations, taken advantage of by the gardener, go on changing until they are again neglected, when they cease to vary to any extent. What is more common than to see many of our beautiful annuals, as soon as they are left to sow their own seed, degenerate to the original species. Asters, self-sown, in a year or two become single. Pansies of the most beautiful description, self-sown, soon return to the common weedy flowers. No fact is better known to all gardeners than this. This may be one of the 'inherent powers of change,' and it would not require a great exertion 'of skill' to select the best suited to his wants from such a progeny. Such well-known changes with certain flowers and even vegetables are so common, that it at once refutes the idea that 'the tendency of successive progenies is to depart further and further from the original standard, and seldom or never return to it.'"

HUNTING WILD BEES.

It is well known that our forests are the homes of many swarms of wild bees. They go off from the domesticated colonies, and seek refuge in the hollow of some good old tree, and there deposit their honey. It requires some experience and skill to hunt wild bees with hives. The outfit for bee hunting is a bee box, properly constructed with comb and honey, slightly scented with oil of anise or thyme. The box should have a glass in the top or side, covered with a sliding panel, through which the comb and bees can be seen, and to admit light. The bee hunter secures from a bunch of flowers a few wild bees in his box. The panel is now removed, and the light admitted; or, if he can find no wild bees on the flowers, he burns a piece of honeycomb upon a heated stone, the scent of which draws plenty of wild bees around him. He places the open box near the altar of incense, and the bees soon alight upon the honeycomb, and begin to feed. Having in one of these two ways secured a few working bees, he places the open box upon a high stump, and sits leisurely down to watch them. The bees having supplied themselves with a freight of honey, depart for home. Rising from the box, they fly in circles about it, and then take a bee line or straight course for home, or for the bee tree. Now comes the hunter's coveted opportunity. He wishes to get the line of the swarm, as it is called. With a practised eye, he watches the bees until they are beyond his sight, and finally determines by their unerring course in a straight line, the direction of the bee tree. Having got the line, he closes his box on the bees, and moves on towards the tree. He then takes a new stand, and makes new observations, and thus gradually nears the wild colony, searching all the while for them in every hollow tree, until he at last discovers their retreat. An experienced bee hunter, having once got the line of the swarm, seldom fails of finding it. Large quantities of honey have often been found deposited in the capacious hollows of some of our forest trees.—*Dol. News.*

NOVEL CURE FOR LOCKJAW.—A gentleman of high standing, on whose veracity we can depend, relates an extraordinary instance of a valuable mare of his recovered from confirmed tetanus, by having recourse to means we never heard of being adopted before. The mare had been doctored. A few days after the operation was performed, symptoms of lockjaw presented themselves. The best advice was immediately obtained, every remedy used proved unavailing, and death appeared inevitable. An idea suggested itself to the lady of the house (who is famed for the kind and skillful way in which she dispenses medicines, especially to the poor of the surrounding neighborhood), that a sudden severe shock might produce the effect of relaxing the nerves and muscles, now strung to the highest pitch, in the poor suffering brute. A gun was loaded; the groom walked quietly to the mare's head, and discharged it close to her ear. The mare reared suddenly up, broke her halter, and fell backward; got up, shook herself, at once commenced eating, perfectly recovered, is now alive, and has bred two or three fine foals since.

STAINS.—Oxalic acid will remove all stains from hands or clothing. But it must be used with great care, being not only a deadly poison, but tendering every fabric, if not wetted very soon.

COLD CREAM.—Take 3 ounces white wax, do. of spermaceti, and 3 ounces of almond oil. Put the whole into a basin, and place it in hot water till fused; then gradually add 3 ounces of rose water, elder water, or orange flower water, stirring all the time with a fork or small whisk. When cold it is fit for use.—*A. M. M.*

FOR COLORING SEA WEED RED.—Dip the moss into a boiling solution of 1 ounce alum in 1 pint of water. Dry it. Make a solution of 1 ounce cochineal, 1 ounce cream tartar, 1 tablespoonful spirits hartshorn to 1 tumbler water. Dip in the moss, wring, and dry in the shade.

CRYSTALLIZED GRASSES.—Nine ounces alum heated till dissolved. Put in the grass when the alum water is cool enough to bear the hand; watch it, and take it out when the crystals are large as you wish; dry them on paper. If you wish colors, get a few powdered paints and sprinkle over, directly it comes from the water; heat alum over when it becomes cold.—*M. L. N.*

GREEN PICKLES WITH GRAPE LEAVES.—It is considered very desirable by housekeepers that pickled cucumbers, mangoes, &c., should be of a deep green color. They taste no better, but they look nicer. To produce this greenness, it has been customary to place the pickles in a